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THE MINES OF NORTHERN MEXICO.

THE northern States of Mexico are almost a *terra incognita* to the mass even of our intelligent people. Composing the area of territory lying west of Texas and south of Arizona, they are in the direct 'manifest destiny' line of acquisition, and therefore interest us politically, if for no other reason. But when we realize that this is the region which the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries called their 'pocket of gold;' that it is a vast section of stupendous mountains, large rivers, valleys of remarkable fertility and beauty, capable of sustaining a dense population, the interest becomes twofold, and calls for more notice than historiographers have yet given it.

The report of the United States Boundary Commission under Major Emory, laid before Congress in 1856, embraced a detailed account of the country, people, resources, climate, etc., of the territory of Arizona proper, but no account of the present condition of the adjoining Mexican States has been published, further than occasional and detached sketches of some adventurous traveller. Not that the States of Sonora, Cinaloa, Chihuahua, Durango and Coahuila are but rarely explored, for hundreds of Californians have penetrated the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, even to the recesses where the Apaches hide; but that none of these gold-seekers and explorers have written to inform us of the results of their observations.

We have at length a trusty guide in the person of the well-known Texan ranger, Captain Jim Box, as he is familiarly named by his fellows. Captain Box, since the Mexican war, has been traversing the States named, and acquiring accurate data concerning their mineral and agricultural resources, their availability for development; and if the whole truth were told, has been 'prospecting' for a new kingdom over which Uncle Sam may eventually throw the ægis of his authority; the way first having been prepared for such a result by the large number of 'emigrants,' whom the Captain hopes to allure to the New Atlantis by his revelations of its almost illimitable riches. To render his explorations available as sources of information to his countrymen, the Captain kept a detailed record of his endless tramps. This record has been submitted

to a New-York editor for preparation for the press, and may hereafter be published, should the time seem propitious for the scheme of 'Colonization' which the work is designed to forward. In the mean time, having had repeated interviews with the ranger, and having been permitted a perusal of the 'Notes,' we feel it incumbent on us to lay before our readers some of the valuable and highly interesting data which Captain Box has acquired. Drawing, at the same time, upon Major Emory's 'Report' for such general information as may be necessary to produce a satisfactory and complete account of that distant but veritable El Dorado, we may be able to produce several papers of more than passing interest.

Previous to the late Mexican war, Mexico comprised, in addition to its present area, the States or departments of Texas, California and New-Mexico; and in 1854, Arizona was acquired by the United States by purchase. These several dismemberments absorbed more than one-half of the territory acquired under the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century. That this 'absorption' will, ere many years, embrace the States now adjoining the United States territory, no person can doubt who has studied the progressive character of the Anglo-Saxon race. The natives of Northern Mexico are effete and ignorant to a degree hardly conceivable by an educated American. The pure-blood Spaniards, who represent the 'old regime' in the provinces named, are too few to offer any actual resistance to a superior race, even if they were inclined to stay the inroads of American energy and capital; hence, the only step requisite for actual conquest is for Americans to locate in those States, and by becoming a local power in citizenship, to open the way for a peaceable cession of the central territory to the sovereigns of the States adjoining: be it the United States, the Confederate States, the Texan Republic, or the Pacific Republic, as the future shall determine.

Sonora had an estimated population in 1854, including all classes of Mexican subjects, of one hundred and forty-seven thousand two hundred and thirty-three, with a territory of one hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven square miles. Cinaloa, one hundred and sixty thousand people to an area of thirty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven square miles. Chihuahua, one hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred people to an area of ninety-seven thousand and fifteen square miles. Durango, one hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety-three inhabitants to an area of forty-eight thousand four hundred and eighty-nine square miles. Coahuila, sixty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-eight people to an area of fifty-six thousand five hundred and seventy-one square miles. Nueva Leon, one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and sixty-one population to a territory of sixteen thousand six hundred and eighty-eight square miles. Tamaulipas, one hundred thousand and sixty-four people to an area of thirty thousand three hundred and thirty-five square miles. It will be perceived, from these figures, that the population is exceedingly sparse, and being also exceedingly effeminate and ignorant, it may well be inferred that 'manifest destiny' will have its own way, except so far as the distracted Central Government may offer its feeble opposition; or, perchance, as far as the 'balance of

power' government over the Atlantic may protest *vi et armis*. Any opposition of our own Government to actual territorial aggrandizement only places the States named on a longer probation; for 'los Yangees' will possess themselves of the country as surely as there is gold and silver there; a territory of great beauty to 'make a fortune' in, upon short notice, and a people who want a government.

Of Sonora we have heard through the sad results attending the several expeditions of conquest starting from California, including that of the illustrious adventurer, Count Bourbon, who essayed to 'annex' the State to the estates of his most illustrious master-philibuster, Louis Napoleon. All ended disastrously from utter inadequacy of means to ends. The scheme of Captain Box, to colonize it peaceably with permanent and actual settlers, is the only rational means, and must prove equal to the final consummation of a complete subjugation of the States to Anglo-Saxon will and laws. At the present moment, we learn, its beauty of climate and productiveness are tempting many permanent settlers thither, many of whom are Germans and French. Its proximity to the Pacific renders it easily accessible; the port of Guayamas being its chief commercial metropolis. Its rivers—the Fuerte, the Mayo, the Yagui and its tributaries, the San Ignacio and San Miguel, the Sonora, east and west prongs—all reach into the mineral regions of the Sierra Madre, while their valleys are rich in soil, offering tempting returns to the stock-raiser and grain-producer. Much of the territory intervening between the rivers is plains, wild, dreary stretches of land, yet not entirely destitute of game and grass. Along the rivers, on the mountain-sides and in the valleys, are heavy forests of timber, some of which we shall refer to in the course of the narrative as possessing valuable properties for commerce and for domestic use.

The extreme north-western section of Sonora, reaching to the Colorado River, is a veritable desert; one of the most repulsive in aspect of any on this continent. The northern and eastern section of the province is the 'gold pocket' of the Spaniards. The Sierra Madre range of the Cordilleras runs the entire length of the State; in that range are known deposits of gold, silver, copper, etc., which already have yielded fabulous sums. Mines stretch up and down its entire length, on both declivities. Every few leagues the traveller comes upon deserted works, excavations and piles of refuse ores, all evidences of operations on a gigantic scale at an earlier date. Now they not only are deserted, but the locations of many of them actually have been utterly forgotten. So thoroughly effete have the people and rulers become, that with two or three exceptions, only surface-mines are now wrought, and these with the simplest utensils, yielding gold enough for the purposes of a currency. In a few places, where European or American energy has been brought to bear, there are well-ordered works, with machinery for converting the ores; but even these have been so miserably protected by government, from the marauds of the terrible Apaches, or have been so persecuted by the minions of 'the law,' that they have been rendered only partially available.

The Apaches infest the entire northern sections of Sonora and Chihuahua; and have so long desolated with impunity that the country north of parallel

thirty degrees is almost constantly under their reign of terror. They pour down from the fastnesses of the mountains bounding the Gila River, on the north of Arizona. Cruel to a degree bordering on ferocity, inured to incredible exertion, mounted upon the fleetest of mountain 'mustang' horses, they suddenly appear at a ranche supposed to be perfectly secure from their presence; lay waste with fire, spear and tomahawk the entire property, with its stock and human life; then suddenly disappear, to be heard of again one hundred miles away by their atrocious murders. The Mexican Government has been powerless to punish this nation of savages, and it is probable nothing ever can conduce to a permanent and prosperous settlement of Arizona and Sonora until the Apaches are thoroughly and effectively whipped into unconditional peace. Much has been done toward keeping them in check by the United States garrisons in New-Mexico and Arizona; but ten times the force now there would be needed to punish these 'mountain devils,' as they so richly deserve. The wild Comanches, infesting the eastern ranges of the Cordilleras and Rocky Mountains, will be more readily brought into subjection than the wilder and more blood-thirsty Apaches.

The old capital of Sonora, Arispe, is situated in a most beautiful region, and absolutely is environed with mines of gold, silver, tin, copper, zinc and lead. But the Apaches have paid the place repeated visits; the capital has had to remove to Ures, farther south; the mines around are almost entirely deserted, for the better security of the town. Its vicinity is almost constantly haunted by the eagle-eyed and panther-hearted savages. Only those mines are wrought where a powerful body of men can be afforded. It is a sad sight to see fine ranches deserted, noble haciendas despoiled, orchards blackened by fire, mines forsaken, and all the people given up to a living terror. Captain Box visited one house in Arispe where were eight widows, all of whose husbands had been murdered by the Indians.

Four leagues from Arispe, up the left (eastern) branch of the Sonora River, is the 'Babicanora' gold and silver mine. It is very rich, but was deserted many years ago from its insecurity from attack. In 1852, lured by its auriferous eyes and silver veins, it was taken in hand by a company of French, who were at last accounts working it with great profit. The 'Grenadita' mine in its vicinity yielded a clear profit of seven thousand dollars in one year's operations. The 'St. Domingo,' also near, yielded in the same time a profit of six thousand dollars. Both were worked by the Frenchmen, who only employed twenty men in the mines, while a strong guard and barracks gave the necessary protection.

Four leagues from Arispe, to the east, is the gold mine 'St. Rosalie.' Captain Box says: 'The vein is visible on the surface for a distance of more than three leagues. Incredible stories are told of the richness of this mine. It is said to have presented to the church of Arispe a hundred thousand dollars in ornaments of gold.' It is now, like all others in the region, deserted, and all the works in ruins. A company of one hundred Americans, with proper machinery and guard, would doubtless turn out a million of dollars there in a twelve-month. No California placer ever promised more certain returns.

Twelve leagues south-east from Arispe, are the old mining *reals* of 'San Juan' and 'San Pedro.' Both are in ruins, but by the very magnificence of these ruins prove how rich must have been the quarry. An attack was made by five hundred Apaches on these mines, compelling their entire evacuation. Not a living soul now tenants the vast courts, and the buildings for 'cooking' the ores are fast falling into shapeless forms.

Eight leagues up the Sonora River from Arispe is Chinipas, a small village of half-civilized Ohata Indians, who cultivate farms and raise considerable stock. One league further on is Bacuachi, once a place of three thousand inhabitants, but now reduced to less than one-third of that number. A half century ago it was a very wealthy place. In the times of the early Spanish settlements, it was noted for its affluence and thrift. A splendid aqueduct for irrigating the plain, five leagues in length, attests the character of the population which once peopled the rich lands around. Now, what a change! Our authority says: 'At the time of my visit, there were only three milch cows in the town, yet this is a fine grazing country; and herds of horses, mules and horned cattle used to roam at large, covering with life these grassy plains now desolate. Remains of ranches, or stock-farms, are every where seen; and yet only three horses could be found in all Bacuachi, when I was there.' So great is the poverty reigning there, that the inhabitants actually are thin from their miserable fare of parched corn and 'tortillas,' a corn-cake mixed with beans and fruit.

Opposite Bacuachi, on the river bluff, is a silver mine, tinctured with copper. The ore is readily reducible by amalgamation; and the proximity of the river would render the working of the mine comparatively easy, with rich profits.

Following up this arm of the Sonora River, the traveller will fall upon a succession of deserted estates, some of them having been highly improved. Groves of cotton-wood and fresno are frequently encountered, while the hills are generally covered with good pine timber and scrub-oak. The oak bears a very sweet acorn, which is quite an article of commerce, being used for bread. The climate of the region is delicious and health-giving; mosquitoes are unknown; fruits and flowers grow wherever allowed to mature; the woods are full of game, embracing bear, deer, turkey, and an unusual quantity of small animals. But the Apache is there!

On the trail toward Sta. Cruz is the 'Camanca' mine, abandoned fifteen years since. One hundred and fifty men were once employed in it. Its ore is silver, mixed with copper and lead; is easily fluxed, and could be rendered very profitable if worked without hindrance. The country around it is admirably adapted for cultivation, wood and water are plenty, furnaces for smelting are still standing. Who will go there to coin a fortune worthy of the old Spanish times?

The San Pedro River properly belongs to Arizona; but, rising in the region of which we now are writing, we may refer to its valley. The river is lined by cotton-wood and mesquit forests; the land on its banks is rich; hills abutting on it are full of gold placers of unexplored richness; the country abounds

in vast quantities of game. But it is on the direct route (or trail) of the Apache vagabonds, as they pour down from their fastnesses beyond the Gila River, in their bloody visitations upon the Sonora people. Eight leagues from where the river rises in Sonora is a garrisoned rancho, on the old California emigrant road. Seven leagues east of it is the mine of 'Mariquilla,' once very productive. Two leagues east of it, and indeed encircling it, is a net-work of silver and copper mines, once yielding handsomely, but now all abandoned, though the buildings are still standing in good order. Another mine was discovered in 1859, at a place called 'Los Mojales,' four leagues below the Arizona boundary line, in American territory, which is pronounced 'very good.' This immediate region is full of mineral. It is only thirty miles from Fort Buchanan, to which a good wagon-road is practicable. Nine miles from 'Los Mojales' is the delightful rancho of 'Babacomeri,' now deserted on account of the Indians. Twelve leagues farther on is the old overland mail station of Dragoon Springs.

This record closes the story for the eastern branch of the Sonora. The western branch must not be confounded with it, for it has very rich resources of its own. This fork of the river runs through a wide valley. One league above its confluence are extensive meadows, furnishing good pasture the entire year. Two leagues farther on, over a rich farming country, we come to a noble rancho, deserted. Four leagues more and the mountains crowd into the river. Ascending the mountain to pass it, a silver mine crops out in full sight, and is seen to run up for a mile. The vein is from twenty-two to twenty-six inches in width, the ore hard but rich, yielding fully thirty-two per cent. At a hacienda on the bank of a stream below the mountain (dry at some seasons) the furnaces still are standing where the smelting was done. Human bones and broken china scattered around tell the tragedy of the desertion. This vein is a mint of richness to any company who can work it in safety. It is easily found: follow up the south fork of the Sonora River until stopped by the mountain ledge; turn to the left a few hundred yards, closely scanning the hill, when the vein will show itself like a thread of life in the face of some dark-browed beauty.

There are other placers near. Cross the river, two rivers above, and remains of old diggings are visible, while three leagues to the south-east from the Silver Bluff is the high table-land of Buenos Ayres, (Strong Wind.) It is one vast gold mine. No water, however, is nearer than the river, hence the washing can only be done in the rainy season. At that time the Mexican population of Bocuachi (only a few leagues distant) sally out, brave the Apaches, (who generally stay at home in the wet month,) and, with horn spoons and wooden bowls, wash enough soil to replenish their exhausted purses with lump-gold. So easily is it obtained. The whole soil of the 'table' is auriferous; its surface is literally scarified with the holes of excavators after 'lumps.' Pieces weighing from seven to ten ounces are not uncommon, while lumps have been found weighing from one to two pounds! With a systematic working, there is not only one fortune there, but hundreds of fortunes. The locality is readily accessible; every Mexican from Hermosillo and Ures up to San Xavier

knows where it is. What spirit of adventure should lure our gold-seekers to experiment all the way from Mesilla Valley to Fraser River, when such places as that of Buenos Ayres are open to 'squatter sovereigns'?

Before leaving this section of the State, to pursue the gold tracery from San Bernardino down the Yaqui River, we will cross over from Buenos Ayres to the San Ignacio River and valley, but a few leagues away, and take a run through the country of the semi-civilized Pa-Pagoe Indians in the vicinity of Altar. [And here we may say, all maps which we have been able to consult are perfectly worthless as guides, none more so than Colton's big book of maps. The rivers are all most outrageously misplaced; several are not placed at all. The San Ignacio River on Colton's 'Atlas' is given as the right fork of the Sonora! and therefore the Sonora has no branch; several large towns are not indicated at all; the country north of parallel thirty degrees is marked as a barren plain, when, with the exception of a hundred miles square in the extreme north-west corner, it is cut with mountain ranges and fertile valleys; the port of Santa Cruz is not indicated, nor that of Lobos: and so the record of omissions runs. Colton, at least, should correct *his* 'Atlas,' for the shortcomings named do discredit to it. The map accompanying Major Emory's Report will afford him the means of correcting some of his errors of omission.]

The Pa-Pagoes are a brave people, not given to warfare, but ever ready to fight for their own. They are scattered in villages over the area from Hermosillo and Magdalena to Altar, and as far to the north as the Gila River in Arizona. Through all their country are diggings and washings in abundance. The Indians produce grain, raise cattle, and traffic much with Mexican traders. Their life is one of industry and comparative peace. A good government would soon make a prosperous people out of them. Those in the vicinity of Areitoræ, (ten leagues south of Sonorita, the most northern Mexican settlement,) numbering about one thousand souls, are gold-diggers almost exclusively, as the land in that section is too destitute of water to render it arable. The gold obtained is coarse, but of good quality. It exists upon all hands. A quartz ledge in the adjacent mountain chain has been worked to a considerable extent in times past, as the remains of old works show. Ten leagues farther south-east, is Guadalupe Pa-Pagoe village, numbering about five hundred souls. This village is very busy in gold-sifting, men, women and children being almost constantly in the dirt—digging, punching, pounding, sifting, blowing, and washing—averaging, with the rudest imaginable utensils, from one to five dollars per day for each worker. They use sticks and old knives to dig up the yielding soil, through which the gold is scattered in coarse dust.

At Soui, four leagues away, are other washings. Ruins still standing attest that extensive operations were once there carried on. South-east from Soui is Cabona, on the San Ignacio River, which loses itself in the ground some seventy miles below. In the vicinity of Cabona are five copper-mines. The village is a perfect garden, the whole vicinity teeming with the products of the soil and with live stock. It numbers about five hundred Pa-Pagoes.

To the east, four leagues, is Altar, a place of over two thousand inhabitants, chiefly Mexicans and half-breeds. It is a busy, thriving place of exchange on

the river of the same name. Living is extremely inexpensive, while gold is as plentiful as spots on an old poncho. Fruit and grains of all kinds grow with the least possible culture. It is the lazy man's Arcady. Beautiful señoritas, fine horses, delicious climate, food almost for the asking, good hunting and plenty of 'poor devils' for servants. Why do n't voluptuousness and laziness flock to that *Altar*?

Five leagues to the south is Sienega, a fine stock ranche, an Indian mission, and a good gold-placer. Numbers of persons are employed there in punching and blowing the soil, with excellent 'luck.' Two leagues to the south-east is Los Flanos, a large plain, literally carpeted with gold; but so scarce is water and so miserable the tools used by the Mexicans and Indians, that, although the plain is known to possess fabulous riches, it does not yield very largely at present. A company of young men, with back-bone enough to 'make the dirt fly,' would soon turn Los Flanos into a mint.

Proceeding on up the Altar River are Alaquita, a village of stock-growers; Atil, Tubutama, Sarie, Busona and Agua Caliente — all places of good repute. At Sarie, Count Bourbon had arranged with the Mexican Government to settle with his colony — a most delightful location for a peaceful colonization — but the Count wanted conquest, not colonization, and therefore was shot! The 'Greasers' have a great love for shooting filibusteros, when they can shoot with no danger to themselves; but where there is danger, a more cowardly set of scamps never existed than the soldiery of Sonora. A single wild Apache will give a whole squad the ague, and send them in great haste to their pater noster in the solid masonry of a church or a fort.

Forty miles east of Alameda is Santa Ana, on the San Ignacio River, a village of six hundred souls. It is in the midst of rich lands. The river loses itself in the sand but a short distance from this village. Four leagues farther on is the old and now somewhat worse-for-wear city of Magdalena — a place of renowned resort for 'the faithful,' for here is the shrine of the Virgin, and which is said to possess miraculous powers. Pilgrims visit it from far and near, and during the time of the 'Feast of the Virgin,' the roads leading to the town, from all directions, are crowded with the penitent — men, women and children — on horse-back and mule-back, on foot, in carts, in coaches, any way to get to the shrine. For a certain quantity of 'the needful,' the most notorious and reproachful crimes are remitted, and a year's wrong-doings literally are all undone in a mass. Powerful shrine that! But it does not deter the godless Apaches from their bloody work of human sacrifice. With no fear of numbers before their eyes, and less fear of the invisible powers which hold the shrine in their keeping, these cut-throats make the season of the pilgrimage a season of special visitation. They lurk in the mountains, and watching the passes, cut off every soul who falls into their ferocious grasp. The fiends have been known to approach to within sight of the church itself. During 'the feast,' notwithstanding its avowedly holy character, the city is a scene of the wildest merry-making. Horse-thieves and gamblers ply their professions with unlimited success; any quantity of trading is done — bargain and sale of señoritas by figuring señors, is lively; wives are faithless and husbands are revengeful; so that,

taken altogether, this feast of the Virgin is a second edition of the 'Dance of Death.' Magdalena has about one thousand permanent residents.

The town of San Ignacio, about five miles away, on the San Ignacio River, is beautifully located, and its five hundred denizens partake somewhat of the quiet, neat character of their place—are very civil, agreeable hosts. The country around is particularly inviting. Two miles farther on is Terrenati, with its population of five hundred souls, in a fine farming range. Above this the river divides into two prongs, the east and west. Mines are scattered all along both lines. But this entire section is so completely infested with the Apaches, that not only are mines deserted, but fine ranches and even towns are vacated until government shall prove itself powerful enough to protect its people from butchery.

From Magdalena to the sea-port of Guayamas it is two hundred and fifty miles, taking the main route through Hermosillo. Superb estates line the way. Here and there are arid sections, but they are the exceptions. Peons in large numbers are employed on these estates, doing the work of slaves, at very little expense to the employer. Of these estates some are stock-ranches, others grain-farms, and others again large mining interests. At La Maguina, on the San Miguel River, just north of Hermosillo, a cotton-factory was erected by Don Inigo, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars. The mill was a great success at first, being operated by American operatives, specially imported for the purpose. The Don, thinking his own countrymen would work the mill as well, with much saving of expense for hire, discharged the Americans, and as a consequence, the fine factory was soon a wreck. The Mexican lacks the ingenuity and energy necessary to bring success out of any enterprise requiring forethought, industry and perseverance.

Near to La Maguina is the celebrated 'Soldier's Mine,' on the south branch of the San Miguel, in a chain of broken hills, which extend far to the east, and contain more or less mineral riches in their entire length. This 'Soldier's Mine' was worked in old Spanish times, and yielded immense sums. Vast excavations were made, extensive buildings erected, and even churches were gathered in its vicinity to feast fat friars on its fertilizing influences; but all is now deserted, and the stillness of an old grave reposes over all. At San Miguel, a few miles above, are three flouring-mills, churches, etc. The surrounding country is very productive in grains, grass and stock.

At Chupa Sonora, three leagues above San Miguel, is a fine property, one of three princely estates belonging to Señor Campia, of Guayamas. Only four hundred yards distant from the place is a fine mine of copper and silver that never has been worked. A mile and a half distant is a noted old gold and silver mine, now known as the 'Bat' Mine, from the immense numbers of bats which swarm in its long corridors. The quarry has been worked upon a scale of great enterprise, and doubtless will be reopened with success when capital and energy enough can be again brought to bear upon it. This mine is near a small creek, in a ravine leading up from the creek.

Two leagues distant, down this same creek, toward the south, is a lone mountain, on whose ridge is a heavy silver and lead vein. The ore is actually

out at the surface, and is very easily fluxed, giving thirty-three per cent of lead and twelve of silver. It has not been worked for many years.

One league from the Bat Mine, and one mile south of the road to San Miguel, is the old silver mine 'Los Llanos,' now deserted. It is said to be very rich, and is quite accessible. One mile up the creek, to the north, are the remains of furnaces, where the 'gambusinos' (miners) still smelt such ores as they can contrive to appropriate from the mines in the vicinity. The slags (refuse) lying loose around the furnaces, still yield a fair per cent, which shows how rich the ores must have been.

Following up this valley two leagues, and at its head, is Jesus Maria, a fine ranche, ruined only a few years since by the Apaches. A mile and a half from it is the old 'Snakes' Mine, a very rich quarry, but now given up to rattle-snakes. A stone flung into the main excavation will start out a dozen of the 'varmints,' all eager for fight. One league south-west of Jesus Maria is the old 'Antimonie Mine,' being an ore of silver and antimonial lead, fusible without any flux, paying about eight per cent of silver. This low per centum is made up in the inexhaustible quantity of the ore and in its ease of smelt. It offers very great inducements to enterprise.

Returning to the San Miguel River, we will go up its valley, starting from Santa Ana, already referred to as being on the road from Altar to Magdalena. Five leagues up the river is a gap in the mountain. Two leagues from the entrance of this gap is a copper mine. Plenty of wood and water are at hand; so are the Apaches, hence the mine is unused, although its ore is reported to be unusually pure and abundant. Three leagues to the north of it is the old gold mine called by the Mexicans 'The Gold Mine of the Ancients.' So great is its fame for richness, that Captain Box was informed it was a mine of pure gold. Although the Indians were all over and around the mountain, the indomitable ranger resolved to inspect the place, and actually spent, in company with only one companion, fifteen days in the neighborhood. The mine was found, but was filled with water. Immense quantities of ore had evidently been taken from it, for the dirt alone, drawn from the excavation, filled a ravine before it eighty yards in depth. It could be readily drained by tunneling in from the mountain side, when that vast treasure-house of gold would be opened for operations. The 'poor ores' lying outside are filled with virgin gold, and would yield enough by smelting and precipitation to defray the expense of the tunnel. It would, of course, be first necessary to buy off, or otherwise dispose of the red-skins, who are now proprietors in general of that entire range of mountains. Captain Box showed remarkable courage and tenacity of purpose in penetrating to the spot.

One mile and a half from this mine, passing along the summit of the mountain, Captain Box came upon a deep cañon, in whose bottom he discovered a deserted silver mine of good promise.

We may here close this paper. The localities named in our data are in a comparatively narrow strip of country, say fifty miles broad by three hundred in extreme length. Only a portion of the known mines and diggings have been referred to. Doubtless the prying eyes of good prospectors will be

able to 'spot' many a rich deposit not yet known even to the Indians or Mexicans. Large numbers of adventurers are, we learn, moving over the more settled and safe portions of Sonora ; but as yet well-directed enterprises to secure the riches of even the San Miguel and San Ignacio valleys, to say nothing of the Sonora and Yagui valleys, are wanting. Possibly with the recent triumph of the Liberals in Mexico, a new order and a more satisfactory state of affairs will reign in Sonora ; in which event there will be no lack of emigration to that most interesting and most auriferous portion of our continent.

In a future number we shall introduce the reader to the Yagui Valley and its tributaries. The record will be an entertaining one to those at all troubled with the fever aurifera : like one of Mignot's 'striking' landscapes, it will be golden-colored, silver-toned and copper-complexioned.

ISLE OF CHIO.

BY JOHN P. BROWN, U. S. DRAGOMAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

ISLE of Chio ! Isle of Chio !

Why this trouble in my breast ?

Oh ! in pity, oh ! in pity,

Give me back its wonted rest.

Maid of Chio ! maid of Chio !

With thy face so sweet and fair,

Well I know it, well I know it,

'T is my heart lies buried there.

Isle of Chio ! Isle of Chio !

Long, long years have passed away,

Isle of Chio, isle of beauty,

Since she led my heart astray.

Once she loved me, once I loved her,

In the days of 'long ago,'

Now remembered, now remembered,

With my bosom full of woe.

Maid of Chio ! maid of Chio !

All I ask thee, all I crave,

From thy groves of rose and myrtle,

That you deck its silent grave.

Greek Archipelago, Feb. 1, 1861.

M A R C H A L L ' S S T O R Y .

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

WITH Pope's Twickenham friend, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Mr. Marc Hall possessed a *quantum suff.* of self-satisfied vanity in the contemplation of the more or less meritorious daubs that hung in his little studio.

In view of the fact that my name is Marc Hall, I fancy I do n't mince the matter very much, do I ?

The time to which I am at present alluding was only a few years ago, when I was but a decade younger than I am now ; and the location of my little studio was a good many miles away from this noisy Gotham, in a little New-England town which I will introduce to you under the pretty name of Egremont—because that is not a bit like the real name, which is still prettier. If I were not such a distressingly modest fellow, I would next introduce you to my Egremont studio. If you are a sensible reader, you would probably object, however, to climbing three pairs of stairs merely to get under a sky-light and view a parcel of the earlier efforts of a painter whose best productions, candidly, have been only so-so ; an Italian pifferari, a street-scene in Venice, a study or two from Nature, some stiff portraits—that was about all.

Beside being poor in artistic ability, I was at that time poor in pocket, as Mrs. Jones, my respected landlady, can tell you, if you ever meet her. I presume she still presides over the destinies and at the table of the very respectable boarding-house in Academy-street, where I took my meals. It was in coming down-town after dinner, one day in May, that I first saw Maggie Lutin. She was in trouble. A big bull-dog stood in her path-way, wagging his stump of a tail solemnly and scrutinizing the young lady with every appearance of interest. I admired the dog's æsthetical inclinations, for the maiden was decidedly pretty ; but as I approached she turned to me, with her deep brown eyes full of frightened expression, and said :

'Oh ! dear, I wish you would drive him away ! I know he will bite.'

'Oh ! he won't hurt you, little beauty,' said I, valiantly going toward the animal. 'Get out of the way, Sir !'

But the dog stopped wagging his tail, and showed his teeth, probably disliking the idea of surrendering his opportunities of a *tête-à-tête* to a rival so unceremonious. So I picked up a little switch and approached him. The maiden screamed her solicitude for me. Fetching the brute a smart cut, I sent him ululating into the road.

'O you good young man ! how glad I am !' said the little lady, heaving a great sigh of relief ; 'he might have killed us both. I hate dogs !' with intense expression.

'Do you ? Poor dogs ! You don't hate me ?'

'No, that I don't ; you are different from a dog. You don't know how grateful I am to you for driving him off ; I would do any thing for you.'

'Would you? Then perhaps you will give me that pretty rose you wear on your bosom. May I take it?'

'Yes.'

'And a kiss with it?'

Before I knew what the reply was, a pair of round arms were about my neck, and two dewy lips pressed mine with a fervor quite unexpected. I was conscious of a face like an Italian sun-set, as I took the rose and put it in my button-hole.

'What a pretty rose!' said I, as we walked on.

'Is n't it sweet? It's a safrano rose. I do love roses so!'

'Do you often give them to strangers?'

'No, Sir; I never did such a thing in my life! I hate strangers!'

'Why, you have just given this to me, and a kiss beside, and now you tell me you hate strangers!'

'You're not a stranger; do n't think you are; I've seen you go by the Academy ever so many times, and Jennie Peck said you were an artist, and had a gallery down-town. Why, I know *you*! Professor Smith says you are a very promising young man indeed, and had talents and energy and ever so many grand things. Do you suppose I do n't know you after that?'

'But I don't know you.'

'My name is Maggie Lutin. What is yours?'

'Marc Hall, at your service.'

'Good-by, Mr. Marc Hall; here is where I live.'

'Good-by, Miss Maggie Lutin. May we meet again, since we are not strangers.'

And my merry companion tripped up the garden-walk and entered the house.

I put the safrano rose in a broken tea-cup, with water. It was a very pretty rose, and she was a very pretty girl. She has never since been separated, in my mind, from the memory of safrano roses.

Maggie Lutin was not more than thirteen years old then. She attended the Academy and boarded with an uncle in Egremont. Her parents lived in Mayville, a village in the next county. She was of that class of beauty which irresistibly reminds you of a kitten—soft, velvety, playful, sly—with brown eyes, in whose deep well passion and merriment seemed to be ever at war; with chestnut hair, and rich, smooth skin. I have her portrait just as I knew her first, in an Arcadian sketch that I did five years ago. It is not for sale.

That I may stand 'right on the record' with my reader, it may be well enough to say, *en passant*, that my own age was twenty-three, and that—well, I need n't sketch myself after all, for now I think of it, my blushes are spared by an extract from a letter that I have in my pocket, a letter from my only sister, a comely matron of thirty-five, mother of four children, and who sees fit to write:

'Marc, I am almost ready to read you a severe lecture on the subject of matrimony. Several times I have thought that I saw indications in you of an approach to the path that leads out of the selfish land of celibacy which you still persist in inhabiting. O my brother! *are* you going to be an old bache-

lor? — that is, a *real* old bachelor; you are thirty-three now. I remember, Marc, ten years ago, when you wrote me a letter about that 'little kitten,' as you called her, who gave you a kiss and a rose in the street, when you were a poor boy in Egremont. I thought then that you were quite man enough to become a husband, for though so young, you had the look of a man of twenty-eight; tall, handsome, with your large eyes, and the clustering masses of curling black hair shading your high forehead; and your orphaned position and consciousness of ability to win an independent position only by your own talent and industry, had given 'lines of thought' to your expressive features. You seemed quite enamored for a while of the young lady at the Academy, and I trusted a good result from the attachment. But you suddenly omitted mention of her in your letters, though you never told me why. Was the love all on your side, Marc? Did you propose, and were you rejected? Or what is the key to the mystery? And what became of your mad-cap Maggie Lutin?

What became of her? Ah! Rose, my sister, you will learn if you read my little story to the end. Let us go back.

I went on my way to my little work-shop. Maggie had called it a 'gallery.' Grand name for my little garret corner! I arranged the colors carefully on my palette and worked industriously all day on a moon-light scene, to the neglect of a portrait waiting to receive its finishing touches. That melancholy moon-light scene remains among my treasures to this hour, with its absurd yellow ochre rays and white-lead orb of night. Pity the lover that has ever since roamed under such a moon!

It chanced — very agreeably, I may say — that Maggie was usually returning home, with her books on her arm, when I was going down-town after dinner, often after that. I always carried the books for her, and received as my invariable reward for that service, when we reached her uncle's gate, a safrano rose which Maggie wore on her bosom. These walks were the light of my new life, looked forward to each day with increasingly pleasurable anticipation; and that was sure to be a blue afternoon for me, when merry Maggie Lutin did not sally forth from the Academy-gate as I passed by.

I took an unwonted interest in the school-life of a young lady at the Academy. She was an enthusiastic student. I was very often surprised at the indications of a rich mind under that playful exterior.

Ah! it was many a month ere I learned Maggie Lutin as she was; the strange contrarieties and sweet inconsistencies that made up her musical being; the depth of soul and the strength of passion that lay hidden under the rippling, sparkling surface-life that the casual observer only beheld, and which bourgeoned into the full glory of its beauty when she reached her sixteenth year. She was scarcely more conscious of her own real nature than myself. What she was, she was perfectly naturally. Self-culture she had never essayed. Of physical health and exuberance of spirit she was a verity; her actions were almost as involuntary and as unrestrained as the fall of a cascade.

'Marc Hall, you are very dear to me!' she said one evening as we sat by the river-side watching the moon-light on the waters. She had been looking

up into my eyes, as I idly descanted on the beauties of earth and sky before us, and these words, uttered with an intensity of expression amounting almost to a cry of pain, startled me. She fixed on mine her dewy lips and drew me to her breast; then poured forth her soul in words of wonderful beauty, while her voice sank to a cadence sweeter than the notes of æolian kissed by zephyrs. I was voiceless; but she knew I was so only because such joy as filled my heart would not be told in words.

We walked home in silence. When we parted, she gave me the safrano rose on her bosom, saying: 'Marc, we have loved these roses; let us make them our sweetest messenger. When I give you one again, it must tell you that I am to be your bride within the month in which it is given.'

Months passed by, and our love ripened into such perfect communion of spirit as will never be mine again in this life. Maggie was absent from Egremont only during the vacations between the sessions of school, and then we exchanged letters frequently — letters full of love. How can I look back on the incidents which I have yet to pen and forget words like these, that came throbbing back to me after our first parting:

'You may change, Marc; this world is full of changes, (yet I pray God you may not,) and still I shall bear in my heart the memory of you as you were when I knew you first. If your heart should become cold, (as may it never!) I shall still have the sweet memory of its early warmth. Should you become world-wise, and society-polished, and hardened into a marble propriety by the conventionalities and hollow mockeries of life, I shall still remember you as you were. It will be then as if you were *dead*, (for then you would be dead to *me*,) but the memory of your honest frankness, your true heart, your noble generosity and love, will remain ever with me.

'The moon and stars that we love so well shall be carrier-doves between us, Marc. They shall look down upon us with their gentle eyes, and whisper: 'God is love.'

'Yes, God is love. He loves the good, the noble and the refined — hence He loves you!

'Good-by!

MAGGIE L—.

'This world is full of changes.' Ah! poor girl, it has been indeed a world of change to you and me, but especially to you, since we lived and loved in quiet Egremont.

Maggie was nineteen when she bade final farewell to Egremont. The occasion was signalized by a party in the evening, at the house of her uncle. My love was queenly that night; her dress a plain robe of white silk; her white bosom made whiter by the burden of a safrano rose of remarkable beauty and fragrance.

About eleven o'clock in the evening I began to weary of the flitting butterflies and chasing youths, and so retired quietly to one of the windows leading out upon the balcony, where I stood half in the shade. Maggie joined me presently, and I was about to draw her out to a seat on the quiet balcony, when a young man came to her and solicited the pleasure of her hand for the dance.

She consented, and whispered to me as she went away: 'It is Mr. Louis, Marc; how can I refuse him?'

And who was Mr. Louis? A fine-looking fellow, wearing a heavy mustache, and attired generally in the height of *la mode*. A lady's man; with expressive black eyes and soft palms — the prime ministers of flirtation.

And why could she not refuse him? I confess I was a little piqued, and withdrew myself to an arm-chair on the balcony, where like a fool I nursed my vexation to keep it alive.

A soft hand touched mine, as I sat with my head thrown back and my eyes closed, and then as I opened them Maggie's red lips pressed my fingers.

'You perceive I am kneeling at your feet, my sleepy cavalier,' she said.

Had I suddenly been transformed into a brute, that I should growl forth as I did: 'Pray do n't trouble yourself; Mr. Louis may want you for the next quadrille.'

She gazed at me like a startled fawn, and then dropping my hand, was moving away.

'Maggie, forgive me!' I cried.

She turned to me.

'I was jesting, Maggie; you know my love. Give me the rose on your bosom, in proof that I am pardoned.'

She made no reply, but took the rose from her bosom. I extended my hand eagerly. She did not give it to me, but picked it to pieces, and scattered the debris on the floor as she entered the parlor again. A minute later I followed her. She was conversing with Louis. I bowed and left the house.

As I was going to my studio the next morning, at a somewhat later hour, I cogitated as to whether or not I should call and bid Maggie good by, for I knew she was going home that day. I had just remarked to myself, in an under-tone, words to the effect that because I had made a bear of myself once, it was by no means necessary that I should continue that line of conduct, and make a mule of myself beside: in short, had just concluded to drop my boyish folly at once, and call on Maggie like a man, and say an honest, hearty adieu to her. When approaching her uncle's residence and looking up the garden-walk, I saw this fellow Louis standing in the path-way.

Maggie was with him, and her hand was in his!

I paused involuntarily at the gate. She saw me, and in a surprised, pleased way, exclaimed, 'O Marc!' and withdrawing her hand from his, ran toward me.

Will some subtle analyst of human impulses tell me why I turned from her with a look of hatred and walked scornfully away, when I loved her so? As I look back on that moment, I ask God not to curse me utterly for the weakness, nay the base unmanliness of my behavior. And I wonder that I could have been so blind as not have seen that her movement toward me was the natural loving impulse of a heart whose artlessness and trust I knew full well; that the withdrawing of her hand from his was not the act of detected faithlessness, but the simple movement which always follows a shaking of hands at a morn-

ing meeting ; that the picking to pieces of the rose last night was the only act consonant with a nature like hers, after she had been wounded and insulted in the way she had by my unmanly remark. But Marc Hall then, with the insensible semi-tyranny of a favored and jealous lover, united to the keenly suspicious pride of a penniless artist whose future shone with golden visions, was a different person from the Marc Hall who tells this story, with the pride all gone, with the golden visions toned by the sober coloring of some experience, with the lover's heart still, but none of the lover's privileges nor jealousies, with some gray hairs in his once black curls, and some wrinkles on his browned face. Four years are but a heart-beat in many a life. They are with me themselves a life.

In the afternoon of that day a rap was heard at my door. I said, 'Come in!' and this man Louis entered.

'Afternoon, Mr. Hall ; my card—Louis ; saw you this morning up at Captain Lutin's. Captain's old friend of my deceased father. Excuse me for introducing myself. Captain told me you would n't mind me at all. Got a little job for you. Egad, pretty thing that you're on now. Captain said you did 'em up well.'

'I'm obliged to the Captain for his compliments,' said I, amused at the fellow's volubility ; 'also to you for your visit. You were in the Captain's doorway this morning as I passed.'

'Yes, just came in ; shaking hands with that pretty niece of his. Gay girl. You're acquainted with her.'

'We have seen each other occasionally,' said I, 'are you much acquainted?'

I was very busy doing nothing with a brush and a bit of ultra-marine on a corner of my sky.

'Oh! well, not much, you know ; used to know her when she was a little thing in short frocks. Quite surprised to find her grown into such a handsome girl when I met her at the Captain's last night. Mean to know her better ; quite a fancy for that style of woman : good shape, you know ; good eye ; walks well ; got a taking way ; knew me like a book the first thing last night, without any introduction. Came over and shook hands as jolly as you please, soon's I came in with the Captain. Thought she'd forget a fellow ; you see I don't look's I did 'fore I went abroad. Ever abroad?'

'I spent a winter in Paris before the death of my parents, when I was a student.'

'Ah! don't say so! Some gay girls in Paris. Used to have a little piece of my own over there ; grisette, you know. Great style, some of 'em ; mighty taking ways ; think so?'

'I limited my Parisian acquaintance to a very small circle, and assure you that experimentally I know nothing of the grisettes of Paris or their taking ways.'

'Oh! hah! *Bon!* Moral dodge ; goes down with some ; excuse me! I see you ; do to say so, now you're quietly settled. Goes down with these rustics ; do, it myself, outside. But I say, old boy, you can't shove that off on me ; been there myself. But mum's the word, if you say so.'

'If you have any order to leave with me, Mr. Louis,' I said with a feeling of disgust and an aching to kick my guest down the stairway, 'you can leave it, and I will bid you good afternoon.'

And I arose from my seat.

'Oh! excuse me, Hall; I'm boring you. See you again about that. Engagement. Afternoon.'

He was gone.

A friend of the family; an acquaintance of her childhood. Fool that I was, not to have made the single inquiry that would have told me this. But was it too late now, to remedy all?

A letter which she left for me at the village post-office before she went away, told me that it was too late. It contained only the words following:

'You have changed. I shall remember you as you were, as you can never be again.

'Our love is ended. Henceforth we are acquaintances.

'On Monday next, be so kind as to call at my uncle's in Egremont. My aunt will return you all your letters, and you will leave her mine.

'The safrano rose can never be yours.'

My resolve was taken in an instant. That night should see me at her father's house in Mayville. It was but twenty-five miles away, and it was now but four o'clock in the afternoon. I went directly to a livery-stable, and at eight o'clock in the evening I drew rein at her father's door.

The servant seated me in the richly-furnished parlor, and retired with my name. In ten minutes a slip of paper was handed me, and on it was written:

'I will not see you, nor hear your explanation. I know all you would say. Nothing can make you what you once were. I do not love you. Your errand is to explain; to palliate; perhaps to pray for forgiveness. Well, I forgive you, and will forget the words you have said, even the look of hate you have given me. The Marc Hall I love and trust could never have looked upon me thus. He is dead; for *his successor* I have only feelings of indifference.'

My horse found his own way back to Egremont through the darkness of that weary night. I was busy with thought; endeavoring as calmly as I could to satisfy myself that it was no matter; that Maggie, instead of being the singularly artless, confiding, passionate creature I had thought her, was a consummate and heartless actress; that she had played her comedy to the end, and made her exit with faculties sharpened for a new rehearsal of her part with another Romeo, that Romeo Louis; that to lament this natural and inevitable falling of the curtain were like lamenting that I had discovered the venom of a viper before it had poisoned my blood beyond cure. It is possible the wise reader has formed these very conclusions. As for me, the result of my reasoning returned unwaveringly to this point: I had lost her; lost her irrecoverably; lost her, and was myself alone to blame.

Months passed away, and my solace was my art. Louis called on me occasionally, and I received his visits as those of a moneyed patron. He gave me an order to paint him a portrait from a miniature, and I executed it with care, and to his unbounded satisfaction. It was the portrait of a Parisian

grisette. He paid me liberally for my work, and I should have been a fool to quarrel with him. The matter of daily bread quite overshadowed any desire of revenge I might in weak moments entertain. I learned to loathe him with all my heart, for he exhibited to me without reserve the utter rottenness and vileness of his moral nature. He was a libertine, a drunkard and a gambler; yet he was heir to great wealth, and moved in the first circles of society. His family had always occupied a high position in the county, and though many shook their heads at his erratic ways, yet none presumed to deny him the homage and respect which wealth commands. Is it not so every where in America?

None welcomed him more cordially than the Lutins of Mayville. Maggie had three sisters older than herself, all unmarried; and the pride of the family far out-ran the income of its head, who, though possessing property, was careless in business, and the common prey of many dishonest men. Louis, as I have said, had a handsome person, an air of refinement, and the smooth arts of a man learned in intrigue. These recommended him to the confiding and artless Maggie, and it did not surprise me to learn, as I eventually did, that he was an accepted suitor for her hand. The intelligence was painful to me, knowing the character of the man as I did; and though not unexpected, it served to decide an indefinite purpose I had long entertained, of seeing Maggie, and putting her on her guard. I did not pause to consider the propriety of this action, nor its probable failure to accomplish any good; I merely viewed it as a duty incumbent on me to discharge; manly and humane, even though of doubtful result. I said to myself that I would not fail to caution an enemy against crossing a rotten bridge, even though I knew he would not heed me, and would be thrown the next moment into the dark current.

So I went to Mayville, and to the Lutin residence, and gave the servant a note for Miss Maggie Lutin, which said:

'Mr. Marc Hall, of Egremont, desires to say to Miss Lutin a word important to her. He would state that it has no relation to himself, but is of vital consequence to Miss L. He will call at three o'clock this afternoon, and say what he wishes to say, either to her alone, or in the presence of another.'

At three o'clock I called, and was ushered into the presence of my former love, and — Louis!

'How are you, Hall? glad to see you; sit down! Maggie showed me your note; happened to be here to dinner. Really, quite excited to know what's it all about. Nothing serious, we hope.'

'My business, Miss Lutin,' I said, without deigning to notice the fellow who addressed me, 'is with you. I am come to inform you, in pity for a fellow-being menaced by danger, that you are putting your daily trust in a gambler, a drunkard and a libertine.'

The change that came over the countenance of Louis as I said these words, was fearful. Pallid with rage, with a husky but vehement voice, he demanded:

'And who are you that should presume to sit in judgment on my character, and dare to insult this lady by pronouncing your damnable lies in her presence?'

'Since you ask me,' said I, 'you shall be favored with a reply. I am the man whom you have permitted, nay, forced, to read your villainous heart as a page laid open before him; the man to whom you have boasted of your intrigues with women of the town; and who defies your rage.'

'This must end,' said Maggie addressing me with colorless lips; 'your language, Mr. Hall, is that of hatred and revenge, and I will not hear more of it; you insult myself and defame my future husband by your words.'

'Miss Lutin,' said I, 'I did not court a collision with this man, though God knows I had no personal fear of it; I would have warned you earnestly of your danger, and gone my way in peace. You have brought me into his presence; I have discharged my duty; I have no desire to prolong the interview. Weigh my words, I implore you, and guard yourself against the insidious fascination which is shared alike by the eye of the serpent and that of the practised libertine.'

I bowed and departed.

Now there came into my heart a feeling of peace and repose such as had not there abided in many a day. I felt that here ended my history as connected with Maggie Lutin. Henceforth I was the artist; the past was an unpleasant dream through which I had passed unharmed, and which I was now at liberty to forget.

I should have mentioned, that before going to Mayville I had made my plans for bidding Egremont a final farewell. New-York was henceforth to be my residence. If I had remained in Egremont, no doubt the performance of the duty now discharged would have been indefinitely delayed. But now I was going to enter a new world, and it was fitting that this act of mercy to one I had once cherished as my own should end my career in the locality where the previous course of this history had lain.

The news came to me soon after I had become established in New-York, that Miss Maggie Lutin and one of her sisters had gone on a tour to the South and Europe, accompanied by Mr. Louis. This I supposed to be the wedding-tour, and so forgot it with the rest, and gave myself up to the pursuit of the path I had marked out in life. I became the most zealous of students and the most industrious of artists, and met with a success entirely satisfactory to my modest ambition. So three years passed.

As all the world knows, we artists are apt to quit the city whenever the fancy seizes us, and plunge into the luxuriance of Nature in the country. I had returned from a few weeks straddling the mountains of Vermont, early in September, and was now busily engaged on the picture that I confidently expect to be the realization of certain dreams hitherto private, provided they give it a good light at the Academy. One golden October day lured me away from my work, and sent me up the Hudson in one of the morning boats. After a day spent in rambling and sketching among those beautiful hills that overlook the Tappaan Zee on the west, I returned late, by rail-road from Tarrytown. The train reached the city after mid-night, and I started to walk up through Chambers-street and Broadway to my boarding-place in Bleecker-street. As I crossed Canal-street, I met a female who accosted me. There was nothing

unusual in her words; but they were uttered in a faint, timid tone, quite foreign to the lips of the brazen creatures who nightly flaunt beneath the gas-light, pursuing their loathsome trade. I paused, and turned to the woman.

She uttered my name!

The voice was like the spectre of the voice that, six years ago, had said to me: 'Good by, Mr. Marc Hall; here is where I live!'

The woman had swooned at my feet.

I called to a policeman who was passing, across the way, and he came up.

'What's the row?' said he; 'woman drunk, eh? Get up, here!'

'Gently, if you please,' said I, 'the woman has fainted.'

Then in a few words I laid the whole case before him.

'Help me to take her into the hotel over the way, my good fellow,' I said, 'and I'll see that she's taken care of.'

And in a few minutes the form of what was left of 'mad-cap Maggie Lutin' was resting on a sofa in a parlor of the hotel, while I bathed her forehead with water, telling the night-clerk it was unnecessary to disturb any of the servants at this hour. He knew me, and made no objections to doing as I desired.

The poor girl revived in a moment, and opened her eyes.

'Marc Hall,' were the first words she uttered, 'you told me the truth. Oh! that I had believed you!'

An hour later I had learned her whole story. There was nothing about it that surprised me. She had trusted him; he had deceived her. She had followed him to this city; he had placed her with a female 'friend' to board, and from this woman she to-night had learned her fate: to starve or go upon the street. Hour after hour she had wandered to-and-fro, and finally, in a moment of desperation, had accosted the man she met. That man was Marc Hall.

The next day I returned the broken-hearted girl to her parents.

A week ago to-day, I returned from Mayville, bringing with me a safrano rose which I had plucked from a grave in the old church-yard. At the head of the grave was a plain stone, on which I read:

Maggie Lutin:

Aged 23 years.

LET him take the safrano rose from my bosom who can say:

'I loved her; she turned from me: I warned her;
she defied me: I forgive her.'

'O LORD! THOU hast seen my wrong; judge THOU my cause.' — LAMENTATIONS 3:59.

Alas! poor Maggie! For all wherein you did me wrong, heartily I forgive you; and may that God give *me* forgiveness who said: '*Be slow to speak, slow to wrath.*' Against HIM have I sinned.

A withered safrano rose is in the vase in my window.

THE SEA.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

THERE is a beauty by the heaving sea,
When the great waves dash with tumultuous shock,
And the old billows rise up hoarily
Against some ancient rock,
Which frowns above their dashing gaunt and bare,
While foamy rivulets course down its side,
And the dark sea-weed, like long waving hair,
Floats on the rising tide :

A beauty, when the storms of winter rave
And tear the foam-crests from the angry sea,
Hurl sheets of sleet down on the hissing wave,
Which gurgles angrily ;
Howl fiercer winds round the dismantled bark,
Drown the weak cries which feebly pray for aid,
Pile higher storm-waves in the tempest dark,
While man bows down, afraid !

A beauty, when at close of summer day
A golden mist suffuses all the air,
And the young waves in playful dalliance lay
Their curling auburn hair
On the white bosom of the snowy beach
And sing a love-song in soft minstrelsy
To the young shore-flowers which beyond their reach
Bend down over the sea.

A beauty, when the noon-tide sun is high
To float alone upon the glassy sea,
Which by an influence from the far-off sky
Undulates wearily.
All perfect calm save that unceasing motion,
The constant throbbing of a troubled breast ;
The great heart-beating of the mighty ocean,
Beating e'en in its rest.

There is a beauty in the midnight hour,
When ripples soft the glistening pebbles lave ;
And the full moon shines with a two-fold power,
Reflected in the wave.

No fleecy cloud across the heaven's zone,
No ruffling ripple on the ocean calm ;
Silence, earth lists th' angelic choir intone
Some mighty psalm.

O glorious beauty of the eternal sea !
In every mood, in every phase sublime ;
To muse in thy great presence carries me
To the far verge of time.
Thou art unchanged, while nations and their deeds
Have to oblivion sunk, and thus shalt be,
'Mid constant change of nations, laws and creeds,
Unto eternity.

A GLIMPSE OF INDIAN WARFARE.

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

IN the summer of 1836 I left the State of New-York for an extended tour through what was then termed the 'Far West,' comprising the territory now divided into the populous States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. I reached Chicago in June. The town had then hardly emerged from the insignificant Indian station with which its early settlement commenced, although a few whites, discerning the advantages of its location, had settled there with a prescient vision of its future marvellous prosperity.

Accompanied by two pioneer trappers and hunters, I started from Chicago for the Mississippi, taking a south-westerly course, and reaching the Father of Waters about mid-way between Rock Island and St. Louis.

My companions, whom I shall call Miller and Stetson, were intimately acquainted with the region we were to traverse, and with the various tribes of Indians who then roamed over it. Skilled in the use of all the implements of war, hunting and fishing, and familiar with the habits, the tastes and the temper of the red man, they were the very ideal of a tourist's companions, and invested my journey with a charm which still retains its early freshness and romance. My own pursuit for many years (that of surveying) had given me an aptitude for the life I was about to lead. I was practised in the use of the rifle, accustomed to camp-life, and my estimates of distances and slopes were of great service in the right accomplishment of a toilsome day's march. All this, with high health, love of adventure, and an absence of fear, occasioned perhaps by never having encountered danger, lent a zest and excitement to my journey, the memory of which even now quickens my pulse.

After being upon the Mississippi a few days, we one afternoon hailed a small steamer coming up the river. We found her to be the first which ever ascended the stream : a mere cock-boat of a craft, with a wheel in the stern,

and a crew of only four or five persons. Ascertaining that it was going to Fort Snelling, we gladly concluded a bargain for our transportation thither, and thus made a journey of two hundred and fifty miles with ease and safety.

Although the season was early, we ascended the river slowly. The engines of the boat were not powerful, and the water was low. After some delay from these causes, we reached the present site of St. Paul's; secured our vessel, and leaving two men in charge, went on to the fort. There we found a garrison, whose officers were kind and genial, as the true soldier ever is; and a fortnight passed pleasantly in all manner of diversions.

Encamped about the fort, with their women and children, were a large band of Chippewas, who had been receiving from Government their annual stipend of money, stores and provisions. They were a splendid set of fellows. The Black-Hawk war had but recently closed, and a treaty was in full force between them and the whites; but in connection with some kindred tribes, they were at war with the Sioux.

The encampment was about to break up and the party to go to Lake Superior. Being invited to join them, my companions and I seized the opportunity, and on the third of July bade adieu to our hospitable friends at the fort. The leader of the party was a kinsman of Black-Hawk, and was named Red-Bird. He was a grave, dignified Indian, of large stature, and with an eye which glowed like a living coal. With him were several members of his family, among others a daughter, of perhaps twenty years, an exquisite specimen of female grace and beauty. Her voice was musical and her laugh as merry and clear as the carol of a bird. One of the women had a child just able to walk, and the maiden's play with it was as tender as if she herself were the mother. I was charmed with her, and as far as signs and glances could do so, (and they did not seem to be altogether misunderstood,) I made my admiration known.

The Mississippi, about forty miles below Fort Snelling, unites with the St. Croix, which flows from the north-east and appears to take its rise from Lake Superior, while the Mississippi itself flows to the point of union from the north-west. The Indians had left their canoes at what is known as the St. Croix Lake, (a wider part of the river,) about twenty miles from its mouth, and had journeyed to the fort by land, instead of descending to the confluence of the streams. Their return was by the same path. We left early in the morning, and in the evening found ourselves at the lake, which we crossed in order to get a better camping-ground on the opposite shore. The place selected was a beautiful knoll, shaded with pines and oaks of considerable height, and being encumbered by no under-brush, its sward was smooth and green. I shall never forget the sight of those two hundred warriors, busied in their preparations for the night; nor of the women, occupied in their more menial occupations. The chief's daughter, Starlight, as she was called, caressed the infant I have spoken of, and decked it with leaves and wild flowers; and as her voice rang through the arching trees, she seemed one of the fabled nymphs of the wood. The setting sun, with its slanting beams, lengthened the shadows of the trees. The lake was still; a calm majesty rested on the scene, and I seemed transported to the forest of Arden itself.

After our evening meal, I lay down near a pine tree a little way from the band, disposing my knapsack, blanket and rifle so as to be at once comfortable and secure. The silence soon became unbroken and I fell into a deep sleep.

About half-an-hour before dawn I was violently awakened, and dark as it was, could see a tall Indian bending over me. With vehement and significant gestures, he made me understand that I must be perfectly silent, gather up my accoutrements and go with him. The star-light enabled me to see that he was in war-paint and attire. I mechanically followed him with a tread almost as soft and stealthy as his own. He led me away from the camp and up the river about a quarter of a mile, and commanded me by signs to remain there. He then quickly left, and in a few moments I heard yells as if from a legion of devils, followed by shots in rapid succession. It was evident that a band of Sioux had made a night attack upon our party, and from a salutary fear of our Government, had caused my removal to a place of safety. The contest soon became brisk, firing coming from both sides, and the bullets whistling thickly around me. I called out to Miller and Stetson, and to my surprise found both of them were near. They had been led from the camp in the same manner that I had. Stetson, who was an experienced trapper, upon hearing my call, exclaimed: 'Get out of the range of the bullets; climb a tree and take your gun with you.' I at once clambered up a small oak, taking with me my rifle, which was of recent invention, a seven-shooter and an invaluable weapon.

Light gradually and slowly dawned, and I could then form an idea of what was going on about me. The wood in which we were was a belt, about a mile in width, extending along the river. When the attack was made, the Chippewas being taken by surprise, and at a disadvantage, lost upward of thirty of their warriors, and were thrown into confusion; but they quickly rallied. A few conducted the women and children across the river to a small island, opposite and about twenty rods from the land, while the remainder, with great skill and bravery, drove the Sioux from the woods on to the prairie beyond, with severe slaughter. The latter having horses, were then enabled to escape, which they seemed quite willing to do, although they numbered at least three hundred.

While, however, the fight was going on, and after the small party who had led the women and children to the island had left them and joined in the combat, a detachment of twenty-two Sioux crossed the river to the lower end of the island, and surrounded the place where they were secreted. There, within my sight, and that of my comrades, upward of sixty of these poor creatures were tomahawked and scalped by the Sioux miscreants who crawled like panthers on their prey. The Chippewas had passed in the combat far to the south, and the screams of the unfortunate victims and the occasional whoop of their murderers were alike unheard. Wholly unused to such spectacles, horror overcame my every feeling: I could not move or speak. All my senses were absorbed in an overpowering gaze upon the dreadful tragedy before me.

A few of the women succeeded in escaping by throwing themselves into river, and swimming to the opposite shore. The chief's daughter, seizing the infant, fled toward the lower end of the island, but a hideous savage pursued

and overtook her. I saw his hatchet gleaming in the air. I saw her fall. As he stooped to take the scalps, a deathly sickness came over me; my brain reeled, and I well nigh fell to the ground. I was restored to consciousness and a sense of my position, by a shout from Stetson, who broke the silence by saying: 'Boys, shall we stand this? Get your rifles ready. Do as I tell you, and we may be able to pay these wretches off.' Miller and I obeyed mechanically. When the savages had ended their bloody work, they approached the opposite shore holding the scalps by the hair, bent over the river, and trailed their horrid trophies through the water to cleanse away the blood. Then silently, in Indian file, they waded into the stream directly toward us. In the middle of the river they were obliged to swim, and as they neared our shore, each one approached with his head fairly exposed. While this was going on, Stetson assigned us our duties, enjoining especial care that our fire might not be wasted or directed upon the same object.

When they came within short range, 'One!' cried Stetson, and fired: the first savage leaped in the air, and fell back a corpse. 'Two!' shouted Miller, hitting the forehead of the second. 'Three!' said I, and the third turned over. The remainder instantly dived, but as Stetson had predicted, soon reappeared within easy distance, and 'one,' 'two,' 'three,' in rapid succession was the certain knell of each as he rose to the surface. Out of twenty-two but five escaped. When the Chippewas soon afterward returned, they hastened down the stream and secured that number of scalps.

The survivors of our band, when these events had transpired, returned to the place of encampment, gathered their arms, accoutrements, and utensils together, and transported their dead warriors to the little mound I have described. Each corpse was placed in a sitting posture against a tree, with its face to the rising sun. On the head was placed a piece of bark, the limbs were carefully composed, and then we left them alone on that field of death. The band then crossed the river to perform similar offices for the island victims, but I could not witness that. Taking my rifle, I proceeded along the river-bank until the harrowing scene was lost to my view. There I awaited the canoes, which soon overtook me. My dusky companions made no mention of the events of that morning, indeed not a word was said, not a tear or a groan escaped them. Silently we traversed the St. Croix to its source; when having thus guided us well on toward Lake Superior, our escort changed their destination, intent on the dearest pursuit the Indian knows—revenge, which we learned they afterward signally achieved.

I have since resided in New-York, where I adopted and have continued in a steady and plodding avocation. My friends know me as a quiet citizen, pursuing an even and uneventful life; nor do they suspect that what often seems in me a strange abstraction is the ardent reverie of a vivid memory, recalling hours of young and stirring adventure, when I hear the shouts and turmoil of that night-assault, the screams of those island fugitives, the demoniac yells of their savage slayers, and see the flying maiden, true to the instincts of woman, striving to save the innocent, and the hideous visage of her destroyer, type of the great mystic tenant of the moral world—the archetype of Evil—pursuing the fair and beautiful even to the gates of death.

THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. WEBB.

IF you go to where the billow
Tosses on its rocky pillow,
In an ever restless pain :
Where the sea in vain atoning,
Seemeth ever to be moaning
Masses for the fishers slain,
You may see a little maiden
Wishing, waiting, weary-laden,
Watching all the live-long day,
If she haply may discover
The light shallop of her lover
Like a bird upon the bay.

'Maiden,' said I, 'fisher's daughter,
Gaze no more upon the water,
Prithee leave the mocking shore :
Know'st thou not that foam-bells swinging
Long time since were dirges ringing
For the youth who comes no more ?

'Know'st thou not that kelpies keeping
Watch above thy sailor sleeping
Shield him from the eye of Day :
And that now, if thou 'dst discover
The light shallop of thy lover,
Thou must look beyond the bay ?'

But the maiden still is sitting,
And she fancies in the flitting
Of each bird upon the bay,
In each sea-gull's pinion glancing,
That she sees a white sail dancing
WILLIAM on his homeward way.

And you may not chide the maiden :
Even I, with heart sad laden,
When the silent hours are nigh,
Watch and wait, and fondly dreaming,
All my fancies real seeming,
Gaze upon the changing sky :
It was through their golden portal
That there went a lovely mortal :
Angels know she did not die !

Nightly now a vigil keeping,
For my sorrow knows no sleeping,
Long I look with wistful brow,
If I may not gain some tiding,
See some silver shallop gliding,
With my MARY in the prow.

Thus I linger, fondly dreaming,
All my fancies real seeming,
Though the lips of REASON say:
'Cease thy longing, luckless wisher,
With the daughter of the Fisher,
Thou must look beyond the bay!'

THE HEADSMEN OF FRANCE.:

BERNARD'S RELATIONS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDMOND ABOUT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

In the year eighteen hundred and —— (spare me the date, these wretched figures make us so old,) I was one of the surgeons in the military hospital at Montpellier. The war was not yet over, and the crowded ambulance-wagons were pouring in upon us such numbers of sick and wounded that we had neither room nor linen enough, nor a sufficient medical staff. To assist us in our labors, we were obliged to take the students of the city, as well as some from the Val-de-Grâce in Paris.

Among these last, I noticed a young man named Bernard. He was perhaps twenty-five years of age; but so small was he, so delicately handsome and so fair, that he looked scarcely seventeen.

He was placed under my orders as my aid, and I asked the Major quite seriously if he meant it as a joke. I had the care of sixty beds, every one occupied, and performed on an average three or four operations every day. What I wanted was a strong man, not a nun in man's clothes. I was told to give him a trial, and to report against his inefficiency if I found it necessary. Three days after I returned rather confused to my superior, to thank him for his gift. The new-comer was wonderfully expert at bandages. He played with the strips of linen like a juggler: the wounded men could scarcely feel the touch. The first time he assisted me in performing an operation, I saw that the light, small hands did not lack strength, and that a beardless chin might accompany

an iron grasp. This was not all: two or three cases happened where, changing places, he became the teacher and I the scholar.

'Well,' said I to him one morning, 'you are a famous fellow for a man in his first year of studies! Where did you learn it all? Not at the Val-de-Grâce certainly.'

He blushed and replied in an embarrassed way, although striving hard to speak carelessly: 'My father gave me some lessons.'

'What part of the country are you from?'

He blushed still more violently and answered: 'From Lyons.'

We occupied adjoining rooms, we dined at the same table, and our duty kept us constantly together, except during the hours of sleep. We became intimate, without our being friends; called each other 'tu' and 'toi,' but there were no confidences between us. He did not know whether I was rich or poor, if I had brothers or sisters, or even if I were in love. Nor did I know any thing of his affairs. I saw him working diligently whenever there was any thing to do, and reading novels from the circulating library when there was nothing. Of science and her secrets he thought and cared as much as of yonder sparrow. I, who was even at that time a book-worm, was studying the past and the future of surgery. I read 'Guy de Chauliac,' and even made notes upon his works. I put my library at his disposal twenty times; he never took from it a volume.

His character was mild but not open. He never spoke without being questioned, but then smiled and answered with a feverish haste that always belongs to timidity. He was as honest a fellow as ever lived, worthy and obliging. He never offered his services to any one, and never refused them. His sobriety and good conduct might have been taken as an example. He was the youngest man in the hospital, yet I never heard of any intrigue, caprice or adventure. I was sometimes astonished at his goodness, but still more so at his skill and firmness in our professional duties. I thought to myself that Mr. Bernard, senior, must be an unrecognized great man.

Chance threw into my hands an *Annuaire* of the department of the Rhone, and I had the curiosity to look for the name of Mr. Bernard among the surgeons of Lyons. It was not in the volume. I mentioned the fact to my young comrade; he reddened and smiled, as was his wont, and replied: 'That is not very surprising; my father exercises his profession, without a diploma, as an amateur.'

'I know few diplomaed doctors who teach so well.'

When we all met in the *Salle de Garde*, we usually passed the time in noisy discussion of some scientific subject. Bernard listened and smoked his pipe, but his bashfulness prevented his joining in the conversation. One day, however, he spoke. Nicolas Vieu, who by the way died of the typhus fever in the *Dardanelles*, was trying to prove that a head separated from the trunk may retain life for some minutes. It is a paradox that Dr. Sue has made fashionable, and that the adversaries of the penalty of death have repeated over and over again. Bernard blushed, and replied by some arguments that were unanswerable. Read 'Bichât,' you will understand that a cut-off head has seven or

eight excellent reasons for dying immediately. Vieu would not admit that he was beaten; his mind was of that temper that always come to wrong conclusions, but are indefatigable in their arguments sustaining them. But Bernard, instead of defending his position, pleaded an engagement and left the room. Nor did he again venture on speaking in public.

After a year of work far beyond his strength, he was seized with a putrid fever. For two months I watched him like a brother, and made him undergo a treatment which I consider infallible, and which I pride myself upon. He seemed deeply grateful, and I think felt for me from that time a sincere friendship; but although I often suggested the idea, he would never permit me to write to his relations to tell them of his condition. He preferred, he said, to have them vaguely anxious, rather than that they should know his danger. At last he became convalescent, and was able to walk a little about his room every day. We were hoping for a pleasant surprise to make him well again. He was put on the list of candidates for the legion of honor, and we expected by every mail to hear of his nomination.

One day I had gone to hear the news, and had learned that nothing had happened worthy of note. Returning to the hospital, I met upon the side-walk a trembling shadow, that seemed floating about in its over-large clothes. It was Bernard dragging himself along toward the letter-box. From as far off as I could see him, I cried out: 'Bernard, do you wish to kill yourself?'

He smiled, made a supreme effort, advanced three steps, dropped in his letter, and fell against the wall for support.

'You are right,' said he; 'I thought that I was stronger.'

I carried him back to his bed, and there he lay for at least another fortnight.

He was becoming convalescent for the second time when the nominations and the promotions came from Paris. There were seven or eight for the medical department, but Bernard's name was not upon the list. The omission surprised and displeased every one, above all myself. But Bernard only said, with his faint smile: 'Oh! I am not at all surprised at it. I will never have the cross of honor.'

'Do not say so; it is absurd.'

'Well, you will see.'

'Why not?'

'Because I will not.'

I was never able to obtain any other explanation.

Peace was at length declared, and the hospital at Montpellier returned to its normal state. The medical attendants were reduced to half the former number, and our comrades were scattered over the whole of France. Bernard, whose cheeks again looked like those of a cherub, was invited to go to Paris, and put himself under the orders of the health commissioners. His departure grieved and embarrassed me. I owed him an hundred francs; I did not have the money, and I was all the more anxious to pay it on account of having nursed him through his sickness. He understood my feelings at my first word, for he was full of delicacy.

'Do not trouble yourself about it,' said he; 'I am not the man to refuse

your money. When you can return it to me without inconvenience, send it to Paris.'

'Where? Paris is large.'

'True enough. Well, I will be sent to join some regiment, or to some hospital, and you will see my name in the *Moniteur de l'Armée*.'

I told him that his nomination might not be received for some time; that my father was sure to send me the money before the week was over, and that I would like to have it settled as soon as possible.

He was deeply embarrassed, and in his trouble spoke to me for the first time of his family affairs. He told me that he intended to take advantage of his short leave of absence to get married to a cousin living in Paris. This union had been arranged for a long time between the relatives of the young lady and his own. The bans had been published as soon as they had heard of his intended return. He expected to go directly to his uncle's house, and to there await his nomination.

'May you be very happy,' said I. 'And as you are going to your uncle's, give me his address and I will write you there.'

Again he hesitated, and then said: 'Address your letter to my name, at No. 37 Rue des Couvents, Faubourg du Temple.'

I could not understand the timidity that sent the blood to his face at the mention of such ordinary matters. It seemed as if telling me the address of his future wife cost him as much pain as the avowal of a crime.

The next day he embraced us all and departed.

My father did not let me wait long for the three hundred francs that I had asked of him; but it so chanced that the day that the money arrived in Montpellier, I received a letter from M. Broussais, my illustrious master and my best friend. He summoned me to come and assist him at the Val-de-Grâce.

'Bravo!' cried I joyfully. 'I will carry Bernard's money to him myself.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

My first week in Paris was entirely occupied by M. Broussais. This great man was kind enough to put me *au courant* on every point concerning my new duties, and to show me in what manner I could best aid him in his labors. But Sunday came; I was free after twelve o'clock, and started off toward the *Faubourg du Temple*. The *Rue des Couvents*, which was destroyed last year, was a street little known, and difficult to find. I asked my way of three or four persons whom I met, before happening on an old man who pointed it out to me.

It was an ordinary-looking street, well enough paved though rather dirty; lined with tall ugly houses, such as were built a hundred years ago for the workmen and the poorer classes of inhabitants. All the little shops were closed in honor of Sunday, except the grocer's. That was open, but the two clerks were idly playing in the almost deserted street.

When I came to No. 37, the house surprised me by its appearance of antiquity. The thick heavy door, studded with great iron nails, was ornamented with one of those knockers, whose grotesque form was the glory of the black

smiths of the middle ages. There were no windows on the ground-floor. Those of the next two stories looked as if they had remained unaltered since the fourteenth century; a heavy stone cross, iron bars, and greenish glass in little pieces let in, had made the interior of the house, seen from the street, more impenetrably dark than the thickest curtains would have done. Otherwise the house was in good condition; clean, and the stone-work repaired during the last few months. I knocked.

My blow with the great hammer produced a similar effect to that caused by the first firing of Robinson Crusoe's gun on his island. The passers-by stopped, the windows in the houses opposite opened, the game of the young grocers ceased. I, who always draw conclusions from natural phenomena, inferred that Bernard's family did not receive many visits.

I was confirmed in this idea by the opening of a wicket made in the thickness of the door. A large fine-looking girl, wearing a servant's cap, showed her face behind the grating, and asked me roughly what my business was.

'Is M. Bernard at home?'

'What do you want of him?'

'To embrace him, in the first place, and then to discharge a debt I owe him.'

'What is your name?'

I mentioned it, and the gruff *soubrette* was changed in a moment.

'What!' cried she shutting the wicket and drawing the bolts of the door, 'it is you who nursed our Bernard? Come in; oh! how glad they *will* be! and I!'

Judge for yourselves if I was surprised when this creature, who had at least half a head the advantage of me in height, put both her arms around my neck, and kissed me on my lips! I had not even time to think about it! That done, she drew me toward the nearest room, crying out, with a voice that filled the house:

'*Hé! Cousin! Cousins! Angélique! Every body! Here is a piece of good fortune! Here is Bernard's friend come from Montpellier!*'

So countryfied a reception transported me to a thousand miles from Paris. We seemed in the distant provinces. The soup was smoking upon the table at one o'clock in the afternoon. The master of the house looked like an old country notary, with his black coat and large white cravat. The *bourgeoise* (excuse the word) was dressed in a puce-colored silk dress with ornaments of very doubtful taste, and the strings of her cap seemed to be a quarter of a century old. Bernard's *fiancée* would have been thought a pretty woman in any part of the world, but the dress-maker who had costumed her that day had certainly not consulted the fashion.

Such as they were, these good people received me with open arms. I remember that Bernard pressed me to his bosom with emotion.

'Thanks!' said he; 'this is a mark of friendship that I will never forget. Since you have done so much for me as to come to this house,' he continued taking me by the hand, 'I would like you to become acquainted with my family. You will find that we are good honest people after all.'

No one had ever told me any thing to the contrary. Beside, the rich soup spread an odor of good-fellowship about the room which predisposed me in favor of the inhabitants.

'*Monsieur*,' said the fiancée, 'you are not a stranger to us ; for the last six months you have been mentioned in my prayers.'

She was truly pretty, this little blonde, although so badly dressed. The heavy, long, brown lashes which shaded her blue eyes gave to her face a saint-like look. Her hands and feet were not quite what one might have wished them to be, but what could you expect ? They take many generations to make.

When I had discharged my debt to Bernard, and told him the unhopd-for circumstance that had given me the pleasure of seeing him, I took up my hat and began my adieux.

Ah ! yes ; but the female giant had set me a place at the table, and it was in vain that I declared, by all the gods, I had just breakfasted at the *Val-de-Grâce*.

'If you go away,' said the village notary, 'we must think you feel ashamed to take a glass of wine with us.'

Bernard, who was sitting at my right, added in a whisper :

'You who have been thus far so noble and good, be so to the end ; do not humiliate poor people who are more to be pitied than blamed.'

'Well,' replied I, 'as you please : let us sit down.'

'In one moment,' said the pretty Angélique ; 'here is grand-father coming.'

The door at the end of the room opened, and all the family rose as a mark of respect. A large grave old man — a true Burgrave — entered. One of his eyes was sightless, but the other astonished me by its brilliancy.

Age had bent his back, but yet we were but pigmies beside him. His teeth were perfect, and his white hair fell in thick curls around his shaven face.

He saluted us as a king might salute his subjects, and advanced toward the seat of honor, marked by a large goblet of rose-colored crystal. Bernard presented me to him ; he bowed, gravely gave me welcome, and crushed my hand between his five great fingers.

All the family, the servant included, sat down to the table. The women whispering the *Benedicite* and crossing themselves. The soup was eaten in profound silence, which I took advantage of to examine the furniture. It was far richer than I had at first supposed. Above a wainscot of carved wood stretched leather hangings from Grenada, stamped with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. The bare table was of old Dutch oak, as were the seats, and of the precious workmanship of an age of good taste. A *rococo* chandelier of rare elegance hung from the ceiling, and a *Boule* clock struck the hours. At my back was a side-board of massive ebony, royally furnished with splendid silver-ware.

When the soup was eaten, the plates were passed around from hand to hand to the servant, who took them away and returned with the boiled meat. This was repeated after each course until dessert. I remember the bill of fare as well as if all this happened yesterday. The beef was followed by a *haricot* of mutton, a roast chicken, and a *purée* of potatoes. A pear tart was the only

confectionery, and the dessert was but slight. We had but one kind of wine, an excellent quality of Burgundy. The country notary drank often, took his wine undiluted, and kept filling my glass to the brim. The Burgrave drank water only.

The conversation was broken by long intervals of silence. They were delighted with my company, but yet I was *de trop*. Bernard himself kept turning on his seat like Saint Laurence on his gridiron. He pressed me, however, to be present at his marriage, which was to take place on the following Saturday. At first I declined, then, either through friendship or curiosity, accepted. When the servant brought the coffee, I talked about music to the *fiancée*, so that it should not be said I had not spoken. I praised Dalayrac, Nicolo and Grétry. She answered negligently, knowing nothing of these masters. She had heard *Icoonde*, *Aladin* and *Nina*, nothing else. Notwithstanding this, she was a musician, and played well upon the piano-forte. The Burgrave hummed with his coarse voice some pastoral romances, with an affectation of the manner of Garat; and his son's wife asked me if I knew the Abbé Potain, who preached during Lent in their parish. Much to my relief we then rose from table.

As we were leaving the room, the pretty Angélique offered to show us her flowers. She had quite a handsome collection in a hot-house, and under glass, in a garden surrounded by high walls. I praised her good taste and skill, but, as we were walking about, I discovered a workman upon a neighboring roof who seemed to be watching us with an extraordinary curiosity. I pointed him out to my companions, and asked what there could possibly be in our appearance that was so remarkable. No answer was made, but all hastened back to the house.

'Come up-stairs with me,' said the Burgrave, 'I will show you my treasures.'

On the stair-case, he pressed my hand in the same forcible manner as at our first meeting, saying:

'I like doctors, they have no petty prejudices; and without being in the profession, we all know something of surgery.'

I presumed that I had fallen on one of those families of bone-setters who transmit from father to son a kind of quack science.

The old man ushered me into a large room in the second story of the house. Opposite the door was a magnificent portrait signed Porbus. Going nearer I saw that it bore the seal of the Royal Museum. In the room were a dozen other pictures of equal value, all of which had belonged to celebrated collections.

'Where in Heaven's name did you buy them?' said I rather brusquely.

'In all manner of places. I have had opportunities such as one does not meet with now. The days of '93 are over. That Porbus cost me three *louis-d'or*. For the Van Ostade on the right, I paid fourteen thousand *livres* in *assignats*, and those cost about as much as the other picture. As for that Rembrandt I gave a lock of hair for it — but that is a long story. This furni-

ture dates from the Renaissance. In thirty years it will be worth its weight in gold. What is beautiful is always beautiful, but not always the fashion. Would you like to glance at my books ?'

He opened a large book-case in marqueterie, and I saw displayed treasures that would make all the good people who have the mania for handsome volumes, well bound, madly envious. Oh! the beautiful Dutch books; the rare editions; the precious bindings; the coats-of-arms stamped on chagreen! I forgot every thing except that I was looking at an Ambroise Paré of 1561, bound with the arms of the House of Navarre, with the initials of Jeanne d'Albret.

The old man cast some melancholy reflections across my pleasure. He felt sad at the thought that his grand-daughter's husband cared neither for books nor for reading; and that his dearly-loved collection would some day be scattered among the public libraries, from which they had, long ago, made a rather violent exit.

As a natural sequence our conversation soon turned to the great historical epoch that my host had lived through, and in which he seemed to have played an important part. I was then a republican, (pardon my youthful folly,) and associated with people of exaggerated ideas. What a privilege, therefore, to talk to a man who had seen Robespierre and Murat, and known personally all the men of the Revolution!

Murat had rather disgusted him; but he kept as a relic a yellow waistcoat, the last that Robespierre ever wore. He placed in my hand a linen handkerchief, marked with the initials of Charlotte Corday; he gave me four lines in pencil to read, that were written by the hand of André Chenier.

He spoke of the victims of the Reign of Terror with a singular impartiality, without either hate or pity, yet he praised Bailly as a true savant and a brave man. I questioned him about Condorcet.

'What Condorcet?' he asked. 'The man who killed himself in prison? I did not know him?'

Lavoisier he remembered perfectly.

His *bête-noir* was Danton.

'I understand it all except the days of September,' said he. 'An execution is right enough, but of an assassination I have a horror.'

I grasped his hand and thanked him for having spoken like a true republican.

'I!' cried he laughing, 'I am no more of a republican than your lancet. I work under all governments, and with credit, I may say, for I obey nothing but the law.'

It was five o'clock, and my visit had been a long one. I said good-by to the interesting Burgrave, and went down to take leave of the ladies, who were in the drawing-room, playing at loto, with the servant and Bernard.

CHAPTER THIRD.

BERNARD wrote me during the week, to remind me of my promise, and of the date of his marriage. He was anxious to see me on that occasion, as he was to start on the following day, to join his new regiment at Valenciennes.

In a postscript to his letter he said, he would not wear his uniform, and that I also would do well to appear in plain clothes.

I now wanted only the permission of M. Broussais. I asked it on Friday morning.

'Already!' cried he, frowning. 'You are then only an amateur doctor like the rest?'

I protested that I was zealous in the cause, and gave him my reasons. He asked me which of my comrades was to be married, and as I saw nothing to be concealed, I told him.

At Bernard's name he looked up, and said in an astonished voice:

'Bernard, from Lyons?'

'Yes, Sir. He studied here.'

'I remember him. Where in the world did he find any woman willing to marry him?'

'I think that she is the daughter of a retired notary.'

'It is a lucky marriage for him.'

At that time I had the habit of defending my friends. I was so young! I praised Bernard very highly, and even ventured to speak of him to my master as a young surgeon of great promise.

'It is all one,' said M. Broussais turning his back upon me, 'he will never cure as many persons as his father has killed.'

I was careful not to contradict him. I knew that he, the greatest theoretical doctor of our time, looked upon quacks with disgust.

The next day I dressed myself, and took a cab at the Pantheon, so as to reach the house unsoiled. Arrived at the end of the *Rue des Couvents*, I thought that I should be obliged to alight, and proceed on foot to No. 37. The crowd of people was so great that the horses could not go forward. I put my head out of the window to see the crowd. An old woman exclaimed:

'It is the bridegroom!'

A ragged boy cried out to his companions:

'There is a lucky fellow! He will live a long while!'

This gathering of the people, and these exclamations of good augury, convinced me that Bernard's family was popular among the lower classes. I had already noticed that in the country some of the miracle-working quacks obtained far greater success than the most scientific physicians. The marriage of a prince would not have drawn together a larger assemblage of people. They say that no man is a prophet in his own country. The neighbors of my friend, the Burggrave, falsified the proverb. On either side of the *Rue des Couvents* the windows and even the very roofs were crowded by curious spectators.

Near the house I observed a new phenomenon that seemed to me equally worthy of remark. The crowd, instead of gathering around the door of No.

37, kept back at a respectful distance. It seemed as if a line of invisible soldiers kept off the too curious. Still farther, no one occupied the windows of the opposite house, and the blinds were closed.

I alighted from the cab and reached the house without even being touched, and went through the same ceremony of knocking with the great hammer, and talking through the wicket to the servant, as on my first visit, and made my entrance into a drawing-room filled with giants. There were about sixty persons present, men and women, all of them members of the family, so far as I could judge, for they all treated each other as relations. Such a race! Bernard, his wife, and I, looked like three spaniels among a pack of bull-dogs. I counted a dozen or two brawny fellows, who looked like men-at-arms of the middle ages. They might have worn, without feeling it, the heaviest cuirass in the *musée* of artillery. Their dress was correct and of modern fashion; but their shoes were perhaps too full of nails, and notwithstanding their dress-coats and white cravats, the faces they made when putting on their gloves caused me to think that wearing them was not an every-day matter.

The Burgrave received me cordially, but did not deem it necessary to introduce me to any one. A few of the guests appeared surprised to see a new face among them, but some one mentioned who I was, and I heard them whisper from one to another:

‘Bernard’s friend.’

I asked Bernard to introduce me to his father. He did so with visible emotion. He pointed out an old man of sixty, of large strong frame, and a most noble face.

‘Behold him,’ said he to me, ‘he is a man who has never given but good counsel and good example, who has made the greatest sacrifices for my education. If he hears of misfortune, he hastens to relieve it. If there be another life hereafter, and each man’s deeds are put in the balance, my father has nothing to fear. Speak with him, and you will find him as worthy of your esteem as many others.’

Bernard was answering, without knowing it, the rather sharp remark of M. Broussais. He then led me to his father, whose reception touched me deeply. When he thanked me for my care of his son, tears stood in his eyes. When I spoke of Bernard’s noble conduct at Montpellier, of the friendship felt for him by his comrades and his superiors, of our hopes of being able to present to him the cross of the legion of honor, the old man’s tears fell slowly on his grey mustache.

His conversation was that of a man who had received little education; but yet of one who had no vulgar mind. I spoke of surgical operation. He knew nothing of anatomy, yet he interested me much by the curious facts he had noticed. When the wedding-carriages were announced, I left with regret this worthy and interesting old man.

I rode in a cab, of which I was the sixth occupant, with some young men of far less agreeable manners. They tired me with their assiduous but heavy and rustic politeness. The stems of their pipes stuck out of their pockets, their money jingled impertinently in their fobs. The wine they had drank in

the morning showed itself in rough jokes. They struck each other Homeric blows to enliven the drive. One put his tongue out at the crowd, and they groaned at us in return. I certainly was not an aristocrat, but the contact of these butcher-boys made me feel sick.

At last I alighted at the office of the *Maire*. Around the building the crowd was absolutely packed. We were obliged to pass between two lines of spectators to get to the *Salle des Mariages*, and so many persons found means of slipping in at the end of the wedding procession that I was almost smothered in my corner.

At church it was far worse. The very pillars were filled with boys climbing upon them. If chairs had not been reserved for us, we would have had no place to sit down. I was overwhelmed with astonishment at such an influx of people, and yet more curious to know the cause than surprised at the fact.

My reflections took another bent when, after the benediction, we went into the sacristy. I kissed pretty Madame Bernard on the peach-down of her two cheeks, and thought, like Titus, that I had not lost my day.

After this all went well, or at least better. The marriage *cortège* started on the trot toward the *Bois de Boulogne*, and public attention was removed from us. I was alone in a hack with the Burgrave and a large old man with blue glasses who, I concluded, was a writing-master. The Burgrave spoke little, but well; the other seemed wanting neither in polish nor information. He lived in Burgundy, and his leisure was employed in antiquarian researches. Crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, the Burgrave gave us a sketch of the alterations that had been made in its appearance. To me he was kind enough to describe it as he had seen it in '93, toward the end of the month of January. The writing-master spoke of more romantic affairs, but I remember with pleasure a dissertation he gave us on the true site of Alisia. Both of my companions spoke with the paternal and solemn unction of the two old men in Fénelon's *Télémaque*, and the three hours' ride passed like as many minutes listening to their conversation.

It was five o'clock when the wedding-party alighted at the '*Vendages de Bourgogne*,' where dinner and music had been ordered. It seemed as if all the *Rue des Couvents* had learnt the hour and the place of meeting for this family festival, for an importunate crowd was waiting for us at the door of the restaurant. We were passed in review like some company of curious beasts, and I appreciated the vigor of my young butcher-boys who by the strength of their fists made an opening for the bride.

The repast was spread with a certain magnificence in the largest room of the *premier étage*. Each plate was accompanied by four glasses of different size: a common enough luxury now, but rare at that time. The place of my friend the Burgrave was marked by a great arm-chair as imposing as a throne. The other guests had their names written on slips of paper. Searching for mine I read a series of strange inscriptions: *Monsieur de Paris*, (the father of Angélique,) *Monsieur de Lyon*, *Monsieur de Bourdeaux*, *Monsieur de Poitiers*, *Monsieur de Marseille*, *Mademoiselle d'Orléans*. Any one but myself would have thought he was dining with the highest nobility of France. I concluded

that they were all named Bernard, and were distinguished by the name of their place of residence. My right-hand neighbor was *Monsieur de Dijon* in whom I recognized my acquaintance with the blue glasses, the antiquary, the writing-master. At my right sat a certain *Monsieur de Beauvais*, a deep drinker, an inexhaustible talker, and apparently the wit of the family, for every one laughed in unison as soon as he opened his lips.

You will excuse me if I do not speak of the ladies. There were but few present, fourteen or fifteen at most, and those were not remarkable either for conversational powers or for beauty. Decidedly the men were the best. M. de Beauvais, my neighbor on the left, was superb with his red moustache. At first I took him for a retired soldier.

The dinner was long, but good and well served. It was indeed one of the best I ever ate. I do not know if the restaurant of the Vendages de Bourgogne keeps up its reputation, for I never dared return there after Bernard's wedding. A frank cordiality, without too much wine or too many words, reigned during the first two courses; but at dessert, when the champagne-corks began to fly, the faces grew red and the conversation more broad than I liked. My left-hand neighbor made three or four jokes that would have made a squadron of Cossacks blush, their horses included. They were received with roars of laughter, in which the ladies joined. As for me, I was engrossed by the conversation of the antiquary. The worthy man explained to me how the characteristics of every nation are exaggerated at the end of a banquet. He compared wine to the lens of a microscope magnifying both the defects and the good qualities of men, and by a sort of caricature making them more easily visible.

'The Greeks,' said he, 'had the privilege of drinking with impunity. They never fell into the coarseness of the barbarians, whatever excesses they indulged in. When Alcibiades was tipsy, his mind, like his forehead, was crowned with roses; and Socrates made room for him to sit beside him. Read the 'Banquet' of Plato; you will say that Alexander was furious when in wine, and I agree with you. The conquest of Asia never consoled me for the murder of Clitus. But, my dear Sir, Alexander was not a Greek. He made himself master of Greece, which is a very different affair. The man of the north, the conqueror of Bucephalus, the half-savage King of Pella, was always visible in the son of Jupiter. You may read in the history of the conquest of India: 'Such a day Alexander drank; the two following days digested his wine.' Sir, an Athenian would never have lost seventy-two hours in so unrefined a manner. The very Spartans, who were called coarse by the other Greeks, intoxicated their slaves to disgust their children with drunkenness.'

He passed in review all nations, ancient as well as modern, from the Hebrews of Moses to the Americans of Washington. His ideas struck me so forcibly by their originality and their truth that I said: 'It seems that I am not a bad physiognomist. The first time I had the pleasure of seeing you I felt sure you were a professor.'

He blushed modestly; but my left-hand neighbor, the M. de Beauvais, who talked so loud, turned to me bursting with laughter.

'Professor! professor! Yes, he gives lessons, but I would not advise you to take any from him. *Nom de nom!* you would find him a hard master. After one lesson you would never need another.'

The room shook with laughter at this joke, the point of which escaped me entirely. But three blows upon the table, struck by the heavy hand of the Burgrave, put an end to their hilarity. He rose, and none dared to remain seated when the colossus was standing. I saw him draw from his pocket a large sheet of paper, carefully folded. A profound silence reigned, interrupted only by the words: 'Hush! listen!'

Then the head of the family, the man who had known Robespierre and *tutoyé* Marat, slowly and gravely ran his eye along the table. Satisfied with our respectful attention, he coughed, emptied his glass of water, and recited with a certain affectation the verses he had written for the occasion.

Why did I not keep the copy of them that he gave me? I should like to have shown you the whole of this curious piece of verse, to say nothing of the autograph; that of itself is worth a good price. The paper was lost with many others in an affair of which I will tell you presently. I now remember but a few lines, although at one time I knew by heart the whole effusion. At all events, this was the commencement:

'To *Damis*, on his Marriage Day.

'DEAR *DAMIS*, thou whose bliss to-day began,
Come hear the counsels of an aged man.
Put from thy lip the honeyed cup of joy,
And let thy father speak to thee, my boy:
Thou lovest *ÆGLÉ*, and she thy love returns.
To-morrow, when the east with morning burns,
Beneath no roof shall dazzling *PHŒBUS* see
A mortal happier than thou wilt be;
To-morrow morn, when thy sweet bride shall lave
Her blushing brow in *Arethusa's* wave,
From her moist eye and gently-heaving breast,
Her sister maids will learn that she is blest.'

My memory does not carry me further, and perhaps I am the only one who regrets the loss of the remainder. You will see a thousand-and-one examples of this kind of literature in any collection of poets. But the name of my Burgrave you will find in none.

The recitation was interrupted five or six times by unanimous applause, for which the author gave the signal, as is usual. There is a manner of pausing at the end of a phrase, which means, 'applaud!' The end drew tears from all. The poet showed us, in a not far-distant future, Bernard's children hanging on their mother's breast,

'DRAWING from those twin fountains, pure and sweet,
Lessons of love to guide their infant feet.'

After this conclusion the Burgrave was surrounded, made much of, kissed and cried over. I was not one of the congratulators, but it was not because I was unmoved. The verses seemed ordinary enough, but I must acknowledge

that their sentiment had mastered me. It was only my modesty that kept me in my seat. My compliments were paid after the first excitement was over.

A series of toasts followed this demonstration, for the company seemed never to tire of drinking and shouting. The only speech worthy of being remembered was that of my neighbor the antiquary.

'My friends,' said he, 'I drink to the golden age so elegantly described by Ovid in his first book of *Metamorphoses*. To that happy time when man, free from vice, saw reflected in the glassy stream his open forehead, unmarred by wrinkle and unstained by remorse. What a change do we see around us! Racine has told us of it, and the reports of his Excellency Monseigneur the Minister of Justice prove it. Thefts, homicides, infanticides, and even parricides increase frightfully every year, yet more rapidly than the poets had foreseen when they drew their word-pictures of the age of iron. Ours be the task of leading back the human race to their primitive innocence, not only by the chastisement of the guilty, but by the spectacle of our virtue!'

It was mid-night before the *pousse-café*, the golden age, the hot wine, punch and virtue allowed us to rise from the table. While the staggering company moved toward the dancing-room, I opened a window to draw a breath of fresh air, and found myself face to face with four or five curious individuals who had climbed up to the *premier étage*. Since nine o'clock it had been raining in torrents, and it was beyond my comprehension that, in a city so rich in every kind of public amusements, people should be willing to get wet to the skin for the pleasure of looking at a wedding-party through the window-curtains.

The music left me little time for reflection. I had secured a fat young woman for the first quadrille, and I hastened to perform my duty.

But at the moment I offered my arm to my partner, M. de Beauvais, more drunk than sober, pushed himself between us. 'Sir,' said he, 'do you know who this lady is with whom you are dancing?'

'Sir!'

'It is my niece — my own niece!'

'Well, Sir, what of it?'

'What if I asked permission to take your place? For, you must know, uncles have their rights, *que diable!*'

'Well, if you insist upon it, and if Madame ——'

'Then you give her up to me?'

'Certainly, Monsieur.'

'Then you do not care to dance with my niece?'

'Excuse me.'

'You do not care to? Eh? Then you despise our family?'

'*A Dieu ne plaise!* I am delighted at the honor that Madame does me.'

'But then, if you dance with her, what am I to do with myself meanwhile?'

'Just what you please, my dear Sir. Here is the second figure of the dance, and I have no idea of letting it pass talking to you.'

He went off, stumbling against the dancers, and I hoped I was rid of him. But I had forgotten the obstinacy of a drunkard. The moment I was alone, he

came to me, saying: 'I was wrong. Let us make it up. Will you embrace me?'

As you may suppose, I felt no inclination to throw myself upon his neck, and told him so plainly.

'Young man,' he resumed, 'do you not know what is gained by embracing a fellow like me? It prolongs your life. Mon Dieu! Yes! you have at least a minute more to live.'

Again I rid myself of him and waltzed with the bride. Sweet child! she was tired and pale, but both her pallor and her air of fatigue were so becoming. She was as light as a bird. At that time only the three-step waltz was known. When the *Deux Temps* was introduced I learned to play whist.

I will not fatigue you with the details of the evening. Bernard yawned; his father was asleep; M. de Beauvais amused himself tripping up the dancers; the antiquary talked; the young men danced, and the Burgrave leaned against the wall enjoying the spectacle. I who loved dancing for its own sake, danced on until three in the morning.

Every one left at the same time, and Bernard bade good-night to each member of the family, except M. de Lille, who was going in the same direction.

The insufferable Seigneur de Beauvais insisted upon seeing me home to the Val-de-Grâce. I said and did my best to prevent it, but all to no purpose. I had intended to sleep during the long drive: vain hope! He talked uninterruptedly. In connection with something that was said, I forget now what, I asked him if he had served.

'Have I served?' replied he; 'why I serve now! Do I look as if I were on the retired list?'

'Did you serve during the last campaign?'

'Who, I? I have made more campaigns than any soldier in the army. I flatter myself that I have fought some terrible single combats, and I have always remained master of the field.'

At last, at my door, he was obliged to leave me.

'Allons,' said he, '*au plaisir* never to see your face again. It is for your own good, my boy.'

A painful sleep ended this little *fête* that I had begun so pleasantly. The next day, and during the succeeding week, I thought and rethought over every incident of the marriage, and after mature reflection, concluded that my party call on the Burgrave had best not be made.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

YEARS after Bernard's marriage, several men with whom I had been on terms of closest intimacy, that I had loved, *tutoyé*d, known indeed too well, were tried before the Court of Peers. A dreadful outrage had been committed by hands I had thought loyal and true. The police seized some of their correspondence, and it was then that I threw into the fire all my papers.

No one thought of troubling me, and I suffered only from my fright.

But more than once in my sleepless nights I thought of Lally Tollendal, who had his head cut off, with all possible politeness, by a fine fellow at whose house he had danced one evening.

EDWARD S. RIDDLE.

SKETCHES OF PLANTATION-LIFE.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, OF LOUISIANA.

NINE years ago I located, for the practice of my profession, at a beautiful and secluded spot on Lake Concordia, in Louisiana. I there became acquainted with plantation life on its largest scale; and had special opportunities for studying the 'peculiar institution,' in what many at the North are accustomed to consider its most repulsive phase. To occupy myself and amuse some distant friends, I kept a diary for several months. Its pages were not designed for the public eye; indeed, half of them are lost. Glancing over what remained lately, for the first time since they were written, I found a good deal which I thought might interest and possibly instruct those who are not familiar with the remoter features of negro slavery. The reader shall not be annoyed with philosophical or political discussion, but I will transpose from the old canvas almost without re-touching, some simple pictures, which will at least have the merit of being true.

A NEGRO WEDDING.

THE officiating minister, a frizzly-headed, well-dressed and consequential-looking mulatto gentleman from a neighboring plantation, now came in, to request the overseer to read over the Methodist form of marriage with him, confessing that some how or other nature had n't made him a very apt scholar. Mr. Leonard performed good-naturedly the functions of his temporary theological professorship, and the preacher having conned the lesson to his own satisfaction, we all proceeded to the 'quarter' to witness the ceremony.

The room was so jammed with grinning spectators, that we could just squeeze ourselves into the door. Many a tender-nosed gentleman would have beaten a retreat, the aroma of African humanity was so overpowering. The scene defies all description, and I will attempt it but 'slightuously.' In the mass of white eyes and woolly heads I recognized our old cook Phyllis, primed, starched and magnified in an immense white, broad-edged night-cap, which my wife had given her for nocturnal usage, and which stood out fan-like in ghostly contrast with her ebony features. While I was suppressing my cachinnatory tendencies at this remarkable ornamentation, an exclamatory out-burst from the irrepressible crowd of urchins at the door, 'Dar dey comes! dar dey comes!' informed us that the critical moment had arrived.

The two sable couples, with their attendants, then entered with an indescribable flourish of airs and graces, and after some ludicrous mistakes and much tittering, got into their right positions.

The ladies were dressed in white, with white fillets and streamers on their heads, and immense red rosettes and streamers on the breast, typical I suppose of the innocence and bashfulness of 'young love.' Each of the brides held in her hand, not a nosegay, but a cologne-bottle, which she frequently applied to the nasal foramina; not, gentle reader, to neutralize the surrounding effluvia, nor even to resuscitate the nervous system, which might be charitably supposed to need some gentle stimulus under such delicate circumstances, but as an ornamental measure, contributing its share to the perfection of graceful attitude.

The bride-grooms were rigged out in very long blue frock-coats, with white vests and white-cotton gloves. You can imagine their neckerchiefs if you can fancy the United States flag tied fantastically around a gate-post. But the novelty of their procedure consisted in keeping their hats on. Those of the grooms were 'stove-pipes,' of black fur, very tall and with very narrow rims. From one of them a very bright red bandana handkerchief protruded in cue fashion, rather, I think, by design than by accident. The grooms-men wore shining, round-topped, tarpaulin hats, in sailor style. Wearing them during the ceremony is perhaps the latest cut in Ethiopian circles.

Silence having been procured with some difficulty, the clerical personage arose, book in hand, with two 'shining lights' of the church at his sides, each holding a large flaring lamp, which dispensed quite as much smoke as illumination to the assembly. It soon became apparent that the worthy minister had prosecuted his orthographical studies no farther than the line of trisyllables, and when baulked by a word of unusual proportions, he would coolly abandon his text, and rely on his unassisted genius. The word 'consanguinity' for instance, he changed into 'concerning,' without in the least regarding the remarkable injury to the meaning of the sentence thereby occasioned. The absurdity and pomposity of the scene are indescribable; none but an expert short-hand reporter could do justice to the inimitable original. If his language stood connectedly in print, it could not be understood, and if it were, it would not be credited. Among other astounding innovations upon ministerial usage, he read out all the side-directions (the rubric) as if they were an integral part of the ceremony, for instance, 'and the minister shall say,' etc. His audience, at least the black part of it, was happily as ignorant as himself, and lost the best part of the fun.

The performance was frequently diversified and enlivened by several old ladies in the corner calling out: 'Amen!' 'Yes it is.' 'Bless de Lord!' 'Just so, brodder!' 'Dat's de Lord's troof!' Or making other affirmatory and confirmatory noises, gestures, or ejaculations. When the minister read out, 'And the bride-groom shall say to the minister, I do,' the bride-grooms, supposing all affirmations verbal, adverbial or interjectional, to be synonymous, bawled out, 'Yes!' in the voice of a calf which had been remorselessly pinched by the tail. One of them also made a bow with a tilt forward of his stove-pipe hat, and a scrape backward of his left foot, which nearly subjected his body to a well-known law of gravitation. Toward the close of the ceremony, whether the minister was disturbed by the mirth of some, the piety of others, and the

growing excitement of all, or whether his brain was over-tasked by the stupendous effort of the evening, his reading of the service became inextricably obscure and confused. He concluded with these remarkable words: 'And the bride-groom shall say to the congregation, I pronounce thee man and wife. Salute your bride. Amen.'

After the congratulations, which I did not witness, for the necessity of a little fresh air had driven me out of doors, the whole party took up a line of march for the supper-table. They went arm in arm, and the ladies and gentlemen could be heard Misting and Missing each other with quite a town-air of politeness. The supper was neatly set out on several long tables, put together and provided with very white table-cloths. It did credit to the liberality and taste of both proprietor and overseer. Beef, pork, chickens, roast-pig, ducks, fish of several kinds, wheat and corn-bread, jumbles, tea, coffee, milk, sweet-cakes of all shapes and sizes, and lastly a goodly lot of apple, cranberry, sweet-potato and pumpkin-pies crowned the festive board. Our clerical functionary asked a blessing in a very respectable manner, and proceeded to prove that he was as good a 'chicken-eater' at least, as any of his more favored white brethren of the cloth.

The only curiosity to me on the table was a pelican, a rare and monstrous bird, which figures upon the flag of Louisiana, poetically supposed to nourish her young with her own blood. The negroes sent some choice pieces of it to the house, and we all partook of it. It was well cooked, and although a coarse meat, it was tender and sweet as a wild duck. Two young sons of the wealthy proprietor witnessed with us the amusing scenes of the evening. Although the subjects of mirth were frequent and almost irresistible, these young gentlemen behaved with the dignity of senators, evincing that tenderness for the feelings of inferiors, which is a distinguishing mark of the cultivated Southerner.

I started home just as old 'Uncle Cary,' a special musical importation from Natchez for the occasion, was tuning his fiddle for the dance, so that of course I lost a great deal of fun. The negroes enjoyed it immensely, and their young masters cheered them with their sympathetic presence until a late hour. The Christian portion, however, of the community raised an opposition-meeting, and there was great competition for several hours between the tongues of the saints and the heels of the sinners. As usual, the powers of darkness were left in the ascendency. Old Phyllis came back and spoke in good Methodist phraseology of the 'soul-refreshing' time she had enjoyed after the supper. Now Phyllis is 'a burning and a shining light' in the church, and I supposed she would be 'faithful found among the faithless.' Not she! She began inadvertently describing with great glee how her young master Henry had enjoyed the frolic, etc., and soon betrayed the melancholy fact that she had herself made an early adjournment from the prayer-meeting to the ball-room. Old Uncle Cary's life-stirring music, while breaking *down* the dancers, had broken *up* the saints. Alas! for the weakness of human nature!

COMING OUT OF MEETING.

I WAS greatly astonished to-day at the appearance presented by the negroes as they came out of their meeting—for they are permitted any reasonable religious exercises, short of those superstitious antics and howlings into which they are apt to degenerate, unless under the controlling supervision of the white man. Well, we live to learn! Every negro was not only decently, but many of them were handsomely clad. The number of fine caps, fur hats, cloth coats, good boots, fancy turbans, new bonnets, blanket-shawls, pretty dresses, etc., etc., amazed me. How different their work-a-day and their Sunday appearance! The moth had turned into a butterfly; Lazarus had cast off his rags, and stood before me in the linen and purple of Dives. Then, too, they were all so smiling and vivacious, chattering and coquetting, discussing the sermon (I wish I had heard it!) and each other, the weather and kindred topics quite as rationally as 'white folks.' I overheard part of a discussion between John 'the driver' and a lively, rotund, bullet-headed, coal-black daughter of Ham. John was maintaining with an obstinacy worthy of Gibbon or Voltaire, and with a rationality differing only in degree not in kind from theirs, that the Bible contradicted itself in many places. The invincible swamp-advocate of Christianity, being ignorant of Paley and Alexander, and therefore deficient in the necessary logical weapons for the occasion, reproached him with blindness of heart and lack of faith, which invisible agency, she assured him, could tumble the mountains into the sea. 'A child of the kingdom,' she said, 'knows another child of the kingdom at first sight, and they all have the witness of the SPIRIT in their own dear, blessed bosoms!'

I noticed a rustic beau, whose distinguishing mark was a pair of scarlet-colored yarn gloves on his immense hands, escorting his lady-love 'down the street,' as they call it, to her father's residence. Her red shawl and white teeth were visible at a great distance, and it is a positive fact that she was lolling in the latest New-York style against his bosom, from which a white handkerchief ostentatiously protruded. But really, negroes never cultivate flowers, and I believe they have no sentiment whatever.

Many plantations have regular religious services on them by white ministers, including a close catechising of the children. Some planters think this system fosters fanaticism, but I do not believe a word of it; and am sure that the progressive Christian culture of both master and slave is the best method of eradicating the evils of the institution.

DIVISION OF THE CORN-MONEY.

YESTERDAY the distribution of corn-money took place under Mr. Owen's special jurisdiction. As this may be an arcanum to those unacquainted with the minutiae of the 'peculiar institution,' I feel called upon to specify. On many places the negroes are allowed to cultivate a field of corn, so many rows

being given to each individual able and willing to work them. The master takes the crop at market rates, and the proceeds are equitably divided among the laborers. The sum realized varies from one to five hundred dollars according to the number and industry of the negroes and the nature of the season. In this case, the force being small and the past season having been unpropitious, Mr. Owen received but one hundred and thirty dollars in small change, with directions to irradiate in the most equitable manner that pecuniary felicity through the negro quarters. Whether or not the parties interested thought Mr. Owen a second Daniel as to judgment, their natural shyness and unchangeable complexion prevented me from learning, but that gentleman evidently felt and appreciated the whole length, breadth, depth and height of his official dignity. We were all called out to witness the closing scene—the knotty points of which Mr. Owen was unravelling with all the suavity, caution and deliberation of a chief-justice.

John Bull, an amazingly sturdy Ethiopian, name-sake but no relative to our transatlantic friend, sold to Davy Stuart, of same race and quality, and not to be confounded with any member of the royal family of Scotland, three rows of corn for fifty cents, early in the season, when young corn having yet to run all the vicissitudes of wind and weather, and requiring for its culture considerable work, is rated proportionably low with young chickens, turkeys and niggers, or any other juvenile commodity that has to pass the gauntlet of inexorable mortality. The three rows, fully developed and gleaned after the manner of Ruth and Naomi, had realized two dollars and ten cents, which of course belonged to Davy. John, however, professed to be astonished and grieved at Davy's blindness of mind and rapacity of spirit. He declared himself to be guided by the scriptural doctrine (!) that 'honesty is the best policy,' and intent upon obeying the golden rule, he expressed himself to be not only willing but anxious, to return his brother Davy the fifty cents he had borrowed of him so long ago. He paid all his honorable debts, *he* did, 'as every nigger that belonged to a rich gentleman ought to,' etc. No reasoning could convince him of the justice of Davy's claim, but I suspected there was more rascality of heart than obtuseness of head in the case. I became convinced of this when his wife, a round-faced damsel, black as the ace of spades, in a full-dress of blue jeans, came up, and with a straight down-and-up courtesy, requested Mr. Owen to give her share of the personal estate into her own possession, intimating a wholesome skepticism of her husband's even-handedness. With admirable assurance and loquacity John protested his freedom from any disingenuous motive or intention, and swore the most fervid devotion to his wife. Mr. Owen, however, divided their five dollars between the tender couple, 'the better half' of which walked off, saying that she knew where to hide her money, which Captain Kid principle of doing things has sometimes been found very efficient in sundry latitudes. Davy commended her foresight with a chuckle, and the remark that 'John Bull would steal a chaw o' terbacker out a fellow's mouf whilst he was prayin' in meetin'.'

Negroes on the plantations have many methods of getting a little pocket-money. They all have chickens and eggs for sale, and sometimes in consider-

able quantities. They are frequently paid well for extra-work, such as ditching, etc. They gather the Spanish moss with great ease, and it sells at from five to eight dollars a bale. If they live on river-courses they are often allowed to cut cord-wood for themselves, which always brings a good price. From these sources, including their corn and fodder and presents, they are supplied all the year round with more 'loose change' than the peasantry and laborers of most free countries ever have to spare.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS morning! Surely in this far-off, out-of-the-way place, we had no idea of discovering any vestiges of Santa Claus' nocturnal benevolence. But Davy, or his patient mule, or both together, had early brought from town and deposited on the gallery a large box, bearing my name and address. A little present from distant friends, and arriving, how very singularly! on Christmas morning. At it I went with hammer and hatchet, eagerly as a boy finding his way into hickory-nuts, or a saloon-keeper breaking busily into oyster-shells. After removing hay enough to burn our chimney, or start the milky fountain afresh from our crooked-horned quadruped, we arrived at the precious deposit. Gracious! what a charming array of splendid presents: peaches, pears, plums, raspberries, strawberries, quinces, crab-apples, etc. etc., a perfect *omnium gatherum* of sweets! I ought to dream to-night of being on an island of rock-candy in a sea of golden syrup, fishing for stewed oysters in a hard rain of honey! My dear old grand-mother's love distilled in saccharine dew on my early childhood, and Aunt Dolly of kitchen memory (HEAVEN bless her old age, and keep her pipe always full of Warwick's best tobacco!) seconded her efforts to saturate my system, not only with the milk of human kindness, but with the essence of vegetable sweetness. I cannot depart from the way in which I was brought up, so I shall contribute my full share in appropriating the present, rejoicing that duty for once is synonymous with pleasure.

After breakfast we adjourned to the overseer's gallery to see the negroes receive their Christmas presents, sent over by their absentee master and mistress. The whole population was assembled, not even a guard being left behind to keep the ash-cakes from stray dogs, or the loose pork from marauding rats. The crowd presented every conceivable variety of costume, physiognomy and etiquette. Hogarth would have regarded the scene with ecstasy, but I have neither the pen nor the pencil to do it justice. First the hats and caps were produced, and men and boys stepped up to compare with critical acumen their respective cranial developments. The field for phrenological study was a rich one, but as I value clean hands almost next to a clean conscience, I did not avail myself of the opportunity. Very soon every woolly cranium, from Dennis' prolific shock to old Uncle Billy's almost naked poll, was snugly settled under a new and shining cover. The handkerchiefs came next in order, with immense figures flaring in red and yellow, according to the beau ideal principles of Ethiopian taste. Let no unsophisticated reader, acquainted only with

Northern habits and customs, conjecture that the use to which these handkerchiefs are put, is in any way connected with the discharge of the nasal functions. The noble promontory of the face is left to shift for itself, as best it can, and the handkerchief is twisted around the scalp, being gracefully pendent before, at the side, or behind, according to the fancy of the wearer. Mr. Owen then began measuring a dress a-piece for the female citizens of our little patriarchy, from some very pretty pieces of calico. There were many other presents in the dry-goods too numerous and too tedious to mention. Lastly came the flour, sugar, coffee, molasses, apples, cranberries and tobacco, of which quite a liberal allowance was apportioned to each family and person, sufficient to last them for a week or two.

The holiday will now be spent in eating and drinking, dancing and sleeping. The African appears to be thoroughly sensual in his character, with no loftier aspiration than that of a hearty meal and an idle day. Ought the master to encourage this by giving him a 'splendid' Christmas? Unquestionably, yes. He is a *child* by nature, no matter how old he grows, or how much you attempt to educate him. Recreation and amusement have a wonderfully stimulating, healthy, satisfying effect upon him. The philanthropist had as well blot the Sabbath from the Christian calendar as to deprive the negro of his well-earned Christmas frolic.

GIVING OUT THE WHISKEY.

MR. LEONARD blew his horn this morning, but the faithful hounds whined round him in vain for a sylvan excursion. It was for the negroes to get their whiskey, an anomaly peculiar to the Christmas holidays. Up they came trooping, men, women and children, with every kind of cups and bowls, glass, tin, wood, etc., wherein to receive the precious alcoholic deposit. Half a glass of the raw material per diem is allowed to each adult, and the younger ones are permitted to take one, two, or three swallows according to their sizes. Little boys and girls, half a dozen years old, would walk up, bob their heads, take a mouthful of the burning fluid, make an abominably wry face, bob their heads again, and stalk off with precocious dignity. This custom is by no means universal, nor is it necessary; but as liquor is strictly prohibited the rest of the year, it can hardly be very detrimental to soul or body. I left, picturing to myself the salt-pepper-mustard-horse-radish-and-vinegar-looking aspect with which one of those social petrifications, called advocates of the 'Maine Liquor Law,' would have surveyed this demoralizing scene.

A DANCE ON THE GALLERY.

WE were greatly surprised this afternoon by the arrival of a large crowd of male and female Americanized Africans. They came with a great tramping of heavy shoes, tittering, laughing, and flaunting red and yellow handkerchiefs. They made a formidable and quite picturesque appearance on the long and very wide gallery or veranda in front of the house. They were mainly from a

neighboring plantation, and had been permitted by their overseer to extend their vacation researches in pursuit of pleasure to this. Their special aspiration was to see the 'white ladies,' an aspiration not very often or easily gratified on large plantations with absentee owners. The ladies were greeted with mingled awe and admiration. After an awkward exchange of salutations and some few questions and answers decidedly destitute of originality, it became obvious that the entertainment of each party was to consist in gazing at the other. One of the ladies asked the pertest-looking girl if she would not like to dance. 'Yum,' she replied with a courtesy, and a number of 'yums' at the same time arose from the crowd, accompanied with a preparatory shuffling of feet. Now this cabalistic sound 'yum' is the negro contraction for 'yes, maam.' Miss Sarah's guitar produced quite an extravagant exhibition of curiosity and wonder. 'What a big fiddle!' said one to another. 'Hush up, you fool-nigger!' was the reply; 'dat's de white man's banjo.'

They soon fell to dancing with such vigor that the old flooring bent and the rafters trembled to their merry evolutions. Some of them danced gracefully and beautifully, and all kept admirable time. Old Phyllis (our religious cook) stood in the farthest door-way, shaking her head and grinning—grinning no doubt with pleasure at the dancing, and shaking her head in honor of her church scruples against the same. After they had danced themselves out of breath and us out of patience, I passed round a gallon or two of weak whiskey-toddy, and dismissed this remarkable 'happening in.' Grown up, as most of them were, they went off laughing, giggling and romping; and old Phyllis, emerging from her semi-obscurity, and shaking her head without the grin, proceeded to wash up the floor, exorcising the spot from evil spirits by sundry half-audible pious ejaculations about the sinfulness of dancing.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

LAST night (the last of the year) I was wakened by strange moanings and lamentations preceding from the negro quarters. It seemed as if all the children were bawling and squalling, and all the adults wrangling and scolding in high dudgeon. I conjectured that the negroes were watching the old year out and the new one in, with some extraordinary rites of African superstition, and I slept very soundly on the conjecture. This morning Phyllis was called upon to elucidate the mystery. The negro women have a singular belief, that if a child has to be whipped on New-Year's Day, it will be incorrigible to maternal correction the rest of the year. Accordingly, just before mid-night all the mothers, rod in hand, turn down the coverlets within which their sleeping little woolly heads are snugly tucked away, and administer a simultaneous and severe chastisement to the whole juvenile population. We will not attempt to analyze the thoughts, much less the 'feelinks' of the bewildered sufferers. This frightful nocturnal flagellation of course keeps the stupified urchins docile and submissive all the next day, and the happy mothers congratulate themselves on the prospect of a nice time during the next annual administration of

domestic affairs. This valuable suggestion should be communicated to the next philosopher who expatiates on that unknown subject, education.

These juvenile darkies, or embryonic cotton-pickers, are greatly to be pitied, being the children of children. The negro in authority, whether over mules, oxen, babies, or his fellows, is generally an unthinking and capricious tyrant. Children, owing to their immaturity of intellect, should never be intrusted with power. The well-bred Southerner never permits his own children to chastise his servants, and for the same reason negroes should have little or no power over persons or things, or at least should be strictly supervised in its administration.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.

On a neighboring plantation to-day I saw an insane negro, an immense, ferocious-looking creature, who sat naked with one foot in the stocks to keep him from running away. He was just recovering from one of his paroxysms of madness, during which he tears every particle of clothing from his body. Much of his time, however, he loafs about the quarter-yard in a state of apparent imbecility. He talked considerably at random. He said he did not know me, but knew my property very well, a point upon which I freely confessed my own ignorance. He said he wanted me to have my rights, of which I was unjustly defrauded; asked me to bleed him in the neck, and called my frequent attention to a large rock of gold which he said was lying in the corner. This last looked like affectation, or as the negroes call it, 'possuming.'

Negroes are less subject to insanity than almost any other race in the world, and with them it generally assumes the form of religious mania. This case was first suspected by the man's coming to the overseer, and asking him to read him all the chapters of the BIBLE which told of the day of judgment. A negro demands close attention when he begins to describe his visions, and to say that the LORD told him so-and-so. The LORD will soon tell him to burn your house, or to cut your throat. Nat. Turner, who headed the insurrection in Virginia, in 1833, was a half-sick, half-crazy creature, whom good physicking and good discipline might have saved from evil. His was no strike for liberty, but a wild hallucination that the LORD had told him to kill all the white folks, and had put certain spots on the sun as a sign for him to begin his work.

As I went home, I reflected upon the immense responsibility of owning a plantation. I have seen an idiot upon one unable to dress himself, a total incumbrance for thirty years. I have seen a half-grown child on another, with a hydrocephalic head bigger than a bushel-measure — so from infancy. I have seen blind negroes, foolish negroes, crippled negroes, hopelessly diseased negroes, and negroes in their dotage; all constantly dependent on the master for food, clothing, nursing and medical attention. The whole petty administration of justice and of charity is concentrated in each well-ordered plantation. It is at the same time a police establishment, a jail, a hospital, and an asylum for all sorts of unfortunates and incurables. Perhaps we have not estimated the burdens of the planter aright, nor seen exactly how much he really *pays* his negroes.

SENT BACK TO THE PLANTATION.

COFFEE has come back. Not the luscious Arabian drinkable, for that has never been absent, but a very singular fourteen-yearling of the Ethiopian species. Coffee was taken over to 'the great house,' as the negroes call their master's residence, to be manufactured into a dining-room servant. His mammy, old Aunt Aggy, who has a very crooked jaw, and her head always bound up for the tooth-ache, thought as much of Coffee as Dominie Sampson's mother did of that precocious genius. She was especially ambitious for her son to enjoy the privileges and splendors of city life, and had frequently presented his preëminent abilities to the consideration of her mistress. At last the order came for Coffee to be transported to the scene of his future greatness. He rode off on the little mule-cart which runs the weekly errands between 'the great house' and the plantation. He was followed a good distance by his maternal ancestor, and a troop of ragged, shouting, hooting and envious urchins, his quondam playmates. Old Aggy went back to the quarter to groan over the tooth-ache, and to imagine how many chunks of tobacco and sly bottles of whiskey could be smuggled over to her in future by her brilliant son.

I regret I have no authentic documents to show what impression the big city and 'the great house' made upon *him*, or *vice versa*, what impression he made upon *them*. Certain it is that the effect must be one of mutual surprise. No bear-cub ever required such assiduous cultivation to be *licked* into shape. From the stories told of him he must have had the boobyism without the shrewdness of Handy Andy. As soon as his incipient bashfulness had worn off, he perambulated the house with eyes and mouth contending for supremacy in dilatation, until he came suddenly upon a large full-length portrait of a very old gentleman. With a wild scream of terror he precipitated himself by a succession of somersets down a long flight of stairs. Whether he regarded it as a ghost, or a robber, or a 'vision ob de LORD,' could never be drawn out of him. His descriptive powers were exhausted by calling it 'that thing.'

The ladies tried their best to teach him how to receive company gracefully at the door. They would station him in the hall and say: 'Now, Coffee, we'll go round to the front door, and knock at it: you must open it; and when we say, 'Are the ladies in?' you must make your best bow, and ask us to walk into the reception-room.' They tripped around, knocked at the door, made the promised interrogatory, 'Are the ladies in?' to which Coffee replied with an air of stupid perplexity: 'Good LORDY! missis, an't *you* de ladies?' No repetition of the lesson ever produced the least improvement.

Coffee was at last given up as an incorrigible dunce. His final *faux pas*, which expelled him forever from his paradise, was quite a formidable one. An elegantly-dressed gentleman from New-Orleans called upon the young ladies. 'Follow me,' said Coffee who ushered him in. The gentleman instinctively paused at the parlor-door. 'Follow me,' said Coffee authoritatively beckoning him on. The gentleman, although surprised, imagined the servant had special orders, as he was a very dear friend of the family, and obeyed. Coffee introduced him suddenly into a bed-chamber, where the young ladies were discov

ered in rather more (or less) *deshabille* than it is presumed young gentlemen are familiar with, until after the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Let no sentimental philanthropist shed unnecessary tears over the harrowing circumstances and unavailing sorrows of Coffee's fall. True poor Coffee has descended to the dull level of operative and cotton-picking humanity, and old Aggy will get neither whiskey nor tobacco for her tooth-ache, but I declare professionally that Coffee's heart is neither broken nor breaking. It is unfair and unphilosophical to compare his downfall to that of Cardinal Woolsey. He seems rather to me like a little cur-dog, whom a mischievous boy had taken into the house, dressed in soldier clothes, and made to march upon his hind-legs, but who has escaped his tormentor, and got safely back to the old comforts of the back-yard and the kennel.

NEGRO MUSIC AND POETRY.

I HAD to drop my pen and go out upon the gallery and listen to the negroes just now. It is the season for burning cotton-stalks, and one half of the heavens is lit up with a wild and ruddy glare. In lieu of theatricals, we might possibly imagine that we were witnessing a splendid panorama of the conflagration of Moscow. But the sounds attracted more attention, and gave more pleasure than the sight. The negroes were singing around the fires in mighty chorus, and the strain was in that tender minor key, so inexpressibly dear to children, savages, poets, and indeed to all men not scientifically educated to the grand operative style, which is so 'difficult,' and which old Dr. Johnson swore ought to have been *impossible*.

Their silvery voices are still filling the vault of night with beautiful and melancholy cadences, which in the distance my imaginative ear can transfigure into a delicate nocturne. I am reminded of those beautiful lines of Beattie:

'Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there who ne'er the mystic transports felt,
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He need not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cob-web let him twine,
Muse o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or mourn
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine!'

But really this negro music is none of your concert-room Ethiopian melody-operative airs with burlesque words, extravagantly shrieked out by peripatetic white gentlemen with mammoth shirt-collars, and faces blackened with burnt cork. It is a mere chanting, of which the chorus is a kind of mellifluous wailing — 'in linked sweetness long drawn out.'

Mr. Jefferson said that he never saw a negro who was capable of an abstract idea, and certainly I never met with one whom I would suspect of a poetical conception. Still there is unquestionably an immense amount of doggerel afloat amongst the negro population. The origin of these rhymes is involved in as much obscurity as the birth of the little sailor-boy, who 'was n't born any where, Sir, but got washed ashore in a storm!' For the benefit of some

future antiquarian, I will commit to the immortal keeping of the KNICKER-BOCKER two specimens of negro poetry, indorsing neither the sentiment nor the grammar :

Specimen First.

'KING WILLIAM WAS King JAMES's SON,
From the royal race he run ;
He wore a star upon his breast,
Now in the east and now in the west.

'Upon this carpet you must kneel,
As sure as the grass is in the field ;
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
And then arise upon your feet.'

Specimen Second.

'Ride about, ride about, where shall I land?
At Colonel NELSON's on the dry sand ;
I knocked at the door, I pulled at the string,
And asked Colonel NELSON if LUCY was in.

'She's neither within, she's neither without,
She's up in her chamber walking about ;
She came down the stairs as white as new-milk,
Within her sweet bosom a hank of white silk.

'I hugged her and kissed her and called her my dear,
I will give her a peacock's tail every year ;
A carriage and horses shall she have to ride,
And her true-love a soldier always at her side.'

This last I suspect to be the production of some white school-boy, or at least of some very aristocratic specimen of the negro troubadour. The music of these songs is better than the poetry, of which last the above are perhaps too flattering specimens. They have been sung from time out of mind, with a pleasant jogging of the knee, to wakeful or colicky babies. Let us not be hypercritical should we ever see them coldly laid before us in inexorable print. Could we recall our own infantile impressions, we might remember some uncouth old rhymes of the same kind, which gave us more real pleasure than 'Love's Young Dream,' or 'The Last Rose of Summer' ever imparted to a sentimental young gentleman of nineteen.

NOT WILLING TO GO.

OLD Uncle Caleb is dead. Uncle Caleb has been dying for the last year, but either his body or his soul, or perhaps both, were so refractory, that they could never yet agree on the terms of separation. Although he knew it was useless, his kind young master sent for me last night to see the old creature once more, and give him at least a parting anodyne. The Angel of Death holds no consultation with doctors, of whatever school they be, and I retired abashed from his presence.

The hour of death is said to be an honest one ; but although I believe many lies have been told upon the death-bed, we will all agree that old Uncle

Caleb proved himself in his last moments the pink of veracity. Before his departure, Jeff, the negro preacher of the place, gathered his sable flock of saints and sinners around the bed. He read a chapter and prayed, after which they sang a hymn, lugubrious enough to draw a guinea from a miser's pocket in order to get it to stop. Uncle Caleb lay motionless with closed eyes, and gave no sign. Jeff approached and took his hand. 'Uncle Caleb,' said he earnestly, 'de doctor says you are dying; and all de bredderin has come in for to see you de last time. And now, Uncle Caleb, dey wants to hear from your own mouf de precious words, dat you feels prepared to meet your God, and is ready and willin' to go.'

Old Caleb opened his eyes suddenly, and in a very peevish, irritable tone, rebuffed the pious functionary in the following unexpected manner: 'Jeff, don't talk your nonsense to me! You jest knows dat I an't ready to go, nor willing neder; and dat I an't prepared to meet nobody.' Jeff expatiated largely not only on the mercy of God, but on the glories of the heavenly kingdom, as a land flowing with milk and honey, etc. 'Dis ole cabin suits me mon'sus well!' was the only reply he could elicit from the old reprobate. And so he died.

Now it's my religious opinion, though not one of the Thirty-Nine Articles, that old Uncle Caleb went to heaven. N. B. — Those who are a little heathenish themselves take special delight in believing in the salvation of heathen.

On my way home after mid-night, I passed a large grave-yard, where the grass covers the mortal remains of many defunct darkies, whose spirits have 'gone where the good niggers go.' The morn was nearly down, and there was no sound abroad but the water of the lake slowly surging against the roots of the sycamore trees. Had I retained the expansible imagination of boyhood, I might have supposed that the white-washed trunks of the live-oak trees in the inclosure were perturbed spirits, 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon.' Or I might have conjured up a spectral illusion of some Ethiopian hobgoblin, standing with a hoe in his hand, making revengeful faces in the direction of the cotton-field. But no; all the graves of the earth are cenotaphs: empty memorials of people who have arisen long ago, and gone about their business in the spiritual world.

IN THE FIELD.

WE took a pleasant walk to-day into the cotton-field. At the gate we met old Uncle Jimmy, a Virginia relic, no doubt of one of 'the first families,' and born, as he says, 'on de sebeth day ob August, in de night-time, in de year dat Wallis (Lord Cornwallis) come into de country.' Jimmy has been inviolated long ago, and with a plenty to eat and plenty to wear, has nothing to do. I have frequently heard him stimulating the half-grown ones to work, by the humiliating charge, that they did not 'pay back dar salt to dar good master.' He is just brilliantly convalescent from a little attack of rheumatism, and as full now of gratitude as he then was of pains, he was very extravagant in lauding my professional skill. Old Jimmy's certificate in the newspapers would

make the fortune of an Indian herb-doctor. N. B. (*Aside to the profession.*) When all other prescriptions have failed you, give a negro a *whiskey-stew*.

The first thing we met in the field was the 'children's gang.' This was a party of boys and girls, of ages varying from eight to fourteen; little imps of cutaneous darkness, under the charge of an old woman with a switch in her hand, to all appearance a perfect Beelzebub in petticoats. In old times her face alone would have convicted her as a witch before a Salem jury. These children pick up trash, collect stalks, and are made very useful. It is a kind of preparatory school, which keeps them out of mischief, and initiates them into good habits. I am sorry to say, that I saw evidence of the same insubordinate spirit, which sometimes exists in the best Anglo-Saxon institutions. When the old lady's back was turned, there was an instant suspension of work, and a fanciful application of their thumbs to their noses.

There were eighty or ninety hands in the field, principally ploughing and harrowing; and with the various sounds and calls of men, women, mules and horses, it was quite an animated scene. It seemed to be an exhilarating atmosphere of cheerful, healthy labor. John, the driver, a tall, ugly, moustached mulatto, carried no whip at all, (although the most of them do,) and so far from being a fierce, brutal slave-compeller, (old Homer called the winds cloud-compellers,) John is an exceedingly polite, good-natured fellow, who, I dare say, had rather shield than expose the faults of his brethren, and whose subordinate darkies seem to move along pretty much at their leisure. With good consistent discipline, a plantation is easily managed, and all parties are the happier and the better for it. Negroes do not work as hard or as fast as white laborers in the North. Southern-born men understand the negro character by a kind of free-masonry, and make more considerate masters than men of Northern extraction. The principal hardship in negro life, it seems to me, is their early rising. That opinion is based, however, on an idiosyncrasy of my own. I make it a principle to give the sun a good fair start of me in the day's race. I pity the man who affects to despise a morning nap, and the Lord deliver me from the family that eats breakfast by candle-light.

On our way home, we met old Uncle Billy driving his little cart and mule with rope-reins and bridle. His cart contained the breakfast for 'the hands,' which consisted of meat, bread and greens, deposited in a pyramid of tin buckets. Old Billy is the ugliest negro on the plantation, and he and his mule might exchange physiognomies without much surprising the by-standers. He is my fellow-citizen of the prolific old Commonwealth, mother of States and statesmen. He speaks very feelingly of that beloved region as 'de old Christian country.' As he came up I began spouting a soliloquy from Hamlet at him, not to edify but to astonish. Speeches and sermons have been delivered, before my time, on the same principle. He passed on with a half-grinning, half-perplexed countenance, and frequently looked back as if to assure himself of the melancholy fact that the doctor had gone crazy.

Negroes, negroes! what riddles they are! With the immaturity of childhood without its innocence, with the strength of an adult life without its capacity! Their origin, their history, their destiny, are questions as dark as their own complexion, and as intricate as their own wool!

Enough of the diary ! I will extract no more from the old hive ; neither bee, bread nor honey. 'But,' exclaims a cynical reader, victim to dyspepsia or philanthropy, 'all this is *couleur de rose* ; there is a dark side also to the picture.' So there is, my friend, so there is ! There are bad men every where, and all human institutions are imperfect. There are dark spots on the sun, and bright ones might be found, I dare say, in your enemy's character. In the language of the lisping showman in Dickens' beautiful story : 'Make the betht of uth, and not the wurtht.' That quaint old philosopher, Swedenborg, asserts, that the angels studiously ignore or excuse the faults of others, and dwell with great delight on their good points and graces—a beautiful example, which we mere mortals might perhaps do well to imitate.

CLARIBEL.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

It was in the Indian summer,
When the woods were all ablaze,
And the lowlands and the uplands
Glimmering lay in golden haze,
That we bore her to the church-yard,
And the while our hot tears fell,
Laid her there at rest forever,
Darling, sainted CLARIBEL !

Few the words the good man uttered,
'Earth to earth and dust to dust ;'
Then a prayer or two beseeching
God to fill our heart with trust.
Oh ! the bitter, bitter anguish,
That we felt when all was o'er,
As we slowly journeyed homeward,
Leaving her for evermore.

Oh ! the bitter, bitter anguish,
As we speechless sat that night,
Looking at the sparks fly upward,
From the crackling hearth-fire bright.
But our thoughts flew upward with them,
And as glowed the embers red,
So our grief burnt low and smouldered,
While we thought upon the dead.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PART SECOND.

On the front of Trinity Church, looking down Wall-street, should be inscribed in large letters :

'The rich man's wealth is his strong city.'

'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.'

To no locality on the habitable globe are these striking sentences more applicable. Every transaction relating to money, from the 'legitimate' discounts by the banks out of the offerings at the ordinary meetings of the board, to the shaving of a fourth-class piece of paper at the rate of 'a quarter of a dollar a day for a hundred dollars;' (a favorite standard price, and a favorite way of putting it as less calculated to shock the nerves than plain, blunt 'quarter per cent a day,' which by the way is only ninety-one per cent per annum, or thereabouts;) every movement of the stock-market, every transfer of property, every auction, every operation by the brokers, whether in bonds, bills, stocks, goods or merchandise, but confirms the fact of the economical advantages of wealth and the expensiveness of poverty.

Our sympathies are often tried by the recitals of harrowing tales of pauper life, or of the miserable beings who wear out a degraded existence in mines and collieries, and shops and factories. Some delight to picture these scenes in all their horrors, possibly not exaggerating in the account; and many of our popular writers have entered the field with success. If they could experience ten years in Wall-street they would dispose of their present stock in trade, and eagerly seize on this. There exist in that street those who suffer more than the pauper, and the men, women and children in the mines and collieries, and shops and factories, for they have sharper sensibilities, and keener appreciations, and a more vivid despair. The over-worked wretches of the manufactory have, it is true, no possible chance of release, except by death. Physically they sink to a very low scale, worn down by hard labor, bad shelter, and a stinted diet. But intellectually there has been no descent, and ignorant as they are, they may enjoy the consolations of religion, and be comforted by a faith which affords the prospect of a happy rest hereafter. But the Wall-street 'operative' has *fallen* from position of some kind into *his* awful serfdom. Well educated, with respectable associations, with perhaps a refined and interesting family at home, who have no conception of the desperate shifts and

expedients he habitually employs to feed and clothe them; tied with the cord necessity to the chariot of the rich, employed to gather gold for them and swell their triumphs; with the power of reflection and appreciation, and a consciousness too: his condition is infinitely the worst. He must learn all the tricks of the street; the how to lie and cheat and swindle, so that it will not *legally* be lying, cheating and swindling. He knows that he is degrading his nature, yet he has no opportunity to stop even for one moment to regard himself. He sees glimpses of green fields, and clear skies, and a pure moral atmosphere away yonder, but he has no time to visit them. Perhaps at last with a growing sense of injustice toward him from some quarter, he becomes desperate, steps over the delicate line drawn by the law between moral and legal guilt, and is sent to the penitentiary by his patrons, whose dirty work he has done so long; or his moody nature taking another direction, he commits suicide, and is reported in the morning papers with the comment, 'no assignable cause for the commission of the rash act.'

There is another class equally, nay, more, entitled to our sympathies. It is the class who from day to day, and week to week, and month to month, and year to year, labor unceasingly for money; who think of nothing else, who care for nothing else, who have no other idea. Whose lives outside of this are a blank — are idiocy. To hoard up cash, to force the last piece of coin from the unfortunate, to calculate every possibility, to press every advantage, to make every sacrifice — for money! The miserable individuals first described are not irredeemable, for they have not lost the attributes of humanity. They are conscious of their position, and where there is consciousness there is hope. But these last are beyond the reach of every human influence, and have nothing to expect in the future, unless it be a 'fearful looking forward to judgment.' But I must not anticipate.

Wall-street is a short and somewhat irregular avenue, leading from Broadway to the East River. The numbers of the buildings reach only to one hundred and twenty. The lower part is devoted to houses connected with the shipping trade, auctioneers, cotton and merchandise-brokers in every variety, including liquor-brokers, wine-brokers, cigar-brokers, and so forth. As we advance up the street, we encounter an array of insurance companies, fire and marine, innumerable lawyers' offices, and an occasional bank or banking-house; with more merchandise-brokers, and occasionally a shop for fruit, cigars and confectionery. Approaching William-street we enter the vortex, and behold a palatial array of banks, more insurance companies, more lawyers' offices, a multitude of brokers' signs of every kind; stock-brokers, bill-brokers, collection-brokers, money-brokers, all sorts of brokers, from the leading houses down to the curbstone 'operator,' known as the 'hyena,' or 'Bohemian' of the street, and now crowded out of Wall around the corner along William-street to Delmonico's.

Approaching Broadway we escape in a degree from the oppressive flurry, and find again something of the commercial atmosphere, mingling with that of money-bags, stocks and bank-bills. At the top of the street we encounter Trinity Church, with its magnificent spire, practically announcing: 'Thus far

shalt thou go, and no farther' — in this direction ; a striking illustration too of 'The nearer the kirk, the farther frae grace.'

But we can do no justice to Wall-street by any simple grouping or attempt at concise characterization. Its advantages for a universal mart are incredible. It is Lombard-street, Threadneedle-street, Wapping, the Docks, Inns of Court, Thames-street and Old Broad-street combined. In it is the Custom-House as well as the Exchange. It is a good dog-market, cow-market, and bird-market. If you want a pair of horses, and any description of second-hand carriage, wait a little and they will be paraded before you. You will find there the best fruit, and the finest flowers in their season. If you would have a donkey, a Shetland pony, a Newfoundland dog, a good milch cow and calf, a Berkshire pig, a terrier, white mice, a monkey or paroquets, they are to be had in Wall-street. It is a strange spot. On Sunday or early in the morning it is like the street of a deserted city. About ten o'clock it begins to show signs of extraordinary animation. Through the day the turmoil increases, people run to-and-fro, and literally 'stagger like drunken men.' Toward three o'clock the street appears undergoing a series of desperate throes. Men rush madly past each other with bank-books in their hands, uncurrent money, notes, drafts, checks, specie. Occasionally you may see an individual on the steps of a building, evidently waiting for something, with an air of forced calmness. From time to time he turns his eye anxiously to the great dial-plate, which is displayed from the church, and then up and down the street. The minute-hand has worked five into the last quarter. In ten more minutes it will be three o'clock. Occasionally an acquaintance passes ; the man attempts as he bows to smile pleasantly ; he can't do it, he only makes a grimace. What is he waiting for ? That individual has a note to pay, or a check to make good before three. He has worked hard, but the fates have been against him. One friend is out of town, a second is short, the third can't use the security : he has sent to the last possible place. Look ! the young man is coming. Yes ? No ? He runs eagerly up, thrusts the welcome little slip of paper, a check for the desired amount, into the hands of the now agitated principal ; it is rapidly indorsed, and on flies the youth to the bank. Our hero relieved — he has probably borrowed the money for a day only and has to renew the attack the next morning — now prepares to leave his office, he lights a cigar, invites the first friend he meets to take a drink with him, and strolls leisurely up Broadway as unconcernedly as if he had not a care in the world. Perhaps he does not come off so luckily ; perhaps his young man reports to him, while standing gloomily on the steps, that it is 'no go ;' then the fatal hands which point toward three, travel fast. He considers a moment ; he sees it can't be done ; he waits till he hears the chimes ring out the full hour, and then his 'mind is easy.' Your shrewd money-lender understands this perfectly. He knows how unsafe it is to let his victim pass the point unrelieved ; for once having gone to protest, he becomes demoralized, and in consequence indifferent. So just before the hour, the money is generally 'found.'

I find I have unconsciously departed from my proposed plan, which is to allow the reader to become acquainted with the particulars of Wall-street life,

by what he can learn of it from my personal history. This I will now resume, and ask pardon for the digression.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I HAD buried my wife, and moved with my three children up-town, and settled into a cheap habit of living. I had no credit at the grocer's, nor with the baker, butcher or milk-man. I did not ask any. I was known only as an elderly gentleman, who bought very sparingly, and paid away his money as if he had but little of it. My daughter Alice and I understood each other perfectly. She was my only companion; for while the two younger children were a great solace and happiness, they were not old enough for society for me.

When you undertake, reader, to pay as you go, and never to purchase a penny's worth on credit, you will become economical in spite of yourself. Carefully indeed did I dispense the little sum which still remained to me, and which with the most careful husbanding of resources grew ominously less.

The time had arrived when I must decide what to undertake for a living — how to support my children. I have referred to the influence of family connection under such circumstances to sustain a broken-down man of business and provide him a means for support. There was no one to raise a finger for me. 'Well,' I exclaimed to myself, walking up and down the little parlor, 'is there really any thing left of you? House and home and fortune gone. O Parkinson! you are a poor devil, with nobody to get up an Insurance Company for you to be the President of. Let me see, without a fine house, a fine carriage, fine horses and money, what do you amount to? That's the question. You have lived and worked hard many years, and failed. What have you to show for it? Lawrence, your class-mate, is not worth a dollar in the world. Yet what consideration he commands. He has *done* something. What have you done beside selling goods and looking carefully to the main chance?'

'Well, what is the cause of this heart-ache? Is it in consequence of living more meanly, faring on poorer food, keeping up no establishment? True this may cause certain others to regard you in a different light, but why should *you* deem *yourself* thereby insignificant? If really, O Parkinson! your *position* was all there was of you, and in leaving it you became *per se* a nobody, having in times past done nothing and achieved nothing to entitle you to self-recognition and to recognition from the world, beyond the disbursing of so much money per annum — but is it so? Then returned the question what had I really done beyond selling goods, etc.? Do we inquire, I asked myself, if certain persons who fill prominent places of honor and trustfulness are rich or not? Yet, to become rich had been too much the question with me.

How had I neglected my life!

The great thing now was not to lose my self-respect; not to seem contemptible in my own eyes. Had I not the same brain and heart and soul as ever? Were I dismissed from this world, these alone would stead me. Standing on the other side of the river, I was perhaps superior to Russell. Now then, could I endure until the appointed time?

Merchants, business men of New-York, hearken! I do not accuse you of loving money too well, of being avaricious, covetous, miserly or grasping, but you devote your *entire* energies too much to your occupation. You make it the end and aim of your life instead of a means to comfort and happiness. You work too hard; you enjoy too little; you lose yourself in your employment. You rise early, breakfast; taking time scarcely to greet your children, you hasten to your place of business. Perhaps you only return in the evening after the little ones have gone to rest; or if to a late dinner, it amounts to the same thing. You manage to read the newspapers going and returning, and you read nothing else. On Sunday you endure a wretched, dyspeptic day; mind and body suddenly and entirely relaxed, the reaction is too great; you do not know what to do. You attend church; you stroll home; you yawn, smoke a segar, make a call; play a little with the children, who are not more than half acquainted with you, and go to bed. You rise next morning, and find it 'blue Monday,' and it takes you till Tuesday to get right. Why? Because you so over-task yourself, that a day's relaxation makes you sick! Perhaps you accumulate a fortune, and you feel that you are entitled to repose and relaxation, *but you dare not retire from business, for fear you will become imbecile or lunatic!* and your fears are well grounded. You have so fitted yourself into the harness that you can never get out of it. You are worse off than a poor man, for he is permitted to preserve his faculty for enjoyment, while you lose yours. Your children grow up, marry and leave you alone — ah! how terribly alone.

Can't you change all this? I am not going to preach a sermon. But really, it is a pitiable object to behold a man twist himself into a deformity. We read of prisoners so long confined in one position that the limbs refuse to do their office when they are set at liberty. So with you, who have no other thought but to merely buy and sell. Suppose you attempt to become interested in what is going on at home. Cultivate your children's affections and thus enlarge your own. Then you will cease to be absent-minded or preoccupied while you caress them; then you will get rid of that nervous irritability which will not permit you to sit quietly half-an-hour with your family, because the time is up for you to be off, although you know your presence is not required at your place of business. In short, do not work so hard, but apply more intellect to what you do undertake. Recollect, nearly half that you do is done wrong or injudiciously by being done with too little reflection and too much precipitation. Think what a large portion of your time is spent in repairing damages or in undoing what you have begun. So you cannot lose by following my advice; on the contrary, you are sure to be the gainer. Therefore, I say, take time to *enjoy* — I repeat, enjoy all you can: something of nature, the green of the meadow, the majesty of the full flowing river, the forest and the mountain; something of art, a picture, a statue, a fine building, an engraving; something of society, lay hold of persons who are genial, and create a world of pleasant intercourse, in which no task-master shall enter nor intermeddle; at all events, for HEAVEN's sake, make *some* effort to get out of the rut you are in at present. Do not look down as you walk along, but look up. How long

is it since you have actually *regarded* the sky, the sun, moon and stars? Observe them now and get back if you can some of your youth's romance. Or at the least, let your eye rest on a church spire, or the façade of some fine building, or failing that, look at the horses and carriages which fill the streets — *do*. If at last you fail in business; and you know what are the mathematical chances against your ultimate success; you have not lost all you are worth; on the contrary, you will be worth more than you have lost. There cannot exist a more unhappy spectacle than a man who has devoted his very life to 'business,' and who fails or 'retires' toward the close of his career. Whether you are to fail or to retire, keep yourself from becoming a hideous ossification! These observations are the result of my reflections that morning as I paced up and down the little parlor, while I subjected myself to a searching analysis. That analysis was not altogether discouraging. In short, I felt that I *was* something outside of my occupations — not what I should have been, but still something, and then I discovered that *so far as one has the faculty to enjoy what is daily presented, so far one is rich.*

CHAPTER THIRD.

For two or three months I occupied myself in looking about me, endeavoring to hit on some means of supporting my family. Once in my life I recollected, in the course of a conversation, kindly criticising an acquaintance who was leading apparently an idle life, while he remained quite dependent on some relations when his health appeared good, and he was withal very competent. His answer I never forgot, and it came home to me with much force. 'Mr. Parkinson,' said he, 'I am neither indolent nor, I think, inefficient; but I am used up after I have passed the prime of life. God grant *you* may never know by experience the difficulty of getting any thing to do which you *can* do at my age and in my circumstances. I am an experienced merchant, but no young man who is a principal in business wants to pay me to give him advice. Faith, no young man would relish my advice any how. As to a clerkship, people prefer younger persons, and very properly. I am not suitable for a book-keeper, nor active enough for a salesman, nor strong enough for a porter. I am not on the right side of politics for a place in the Custom-house, and my friends cannot afford to *make* an employment for me.'

I asked the man's pardon, and I felt now as if I wanted to go to him and ask it a second time. Carefully I surveyed the ground. It was that of the unfortunate individual whose experience had preceded mine.

'What can I do?'

It happened that one of my mercantile acquaintances, with whom I had always been on agreeable terms, advised me to see what I could accomplish as a note-broker. At that time the present system of large offices where a capitalist can go and select such notes as may please him, had not been organized. But one house of the kind was then in existence. There was much more favoritism at the banks than now; in short, those who will look back to eighteen hundred and forty-eight will recognize an entire revolution in money transactions and in doing business generally since then. At that time there was

much less capital and consequently much more credit in proportion. My adviser urged, that with my experience of the various firms in the city, and with the kind feeling entertained toward me by the two banks where I had kept my account, I should have no difficulty in earning, by way of commission, what would make us at least comfortable. Beside, I might also take up various negotiations as occasion presented. I had myself thought of this plan, and on conversing with Mr. Norwood, I found he did not oppose it. I next undertook to ascertain what I might reasonably expect from the banks. At the first, the Bank of the World, notwithstanding my experience of what a change of fortune would produce in the demeanor of people, I was perfectly taken aback by the extraordinary treatment of the President.

He was seated in his private room, giving directions to one of the book-keepers as I entered. He did not appear to notice me when I came in, so I remained standing while he talked to the clerk. After a while he was through; thereupon he raised his eyes and looked at me much as he would at an apple-woman. 'Good morning!' was all he said. Whereupon I sat down, and was commencing to tell him what I called for.

'I say, Willard,' calling back the clerk who was just outside the door. The man returned, and received another direction and went away. Then Mr. President took up a piece of paper with some figures on it, and exclaimed, while he regarded it attentively: 'Go on, Mr. Parkinson, I can hear just as well.' I had only begun again when in stepped a customer, a favorite customer, who whispered a word to the President, produced two pieces of paper, on both of which the latter placed a small mark in pencil, and he was off. I attempted to continue, when in came the cashier, who had other questions to put. Not the least notice was taken of me meanwhile, and shortly he concluded. After that another acquaintance came in and claimed attention. Each time I had opportunity to utter only half a sentence before I was interrupted. But it was not the interruptions, it was the contemptuous, supercilious manner toward me of this man in power, who evidently regarded me as wholly and absolutely insignificant. Twice I determined to walk out and abandon the whole business, but I gulped down my pride, and managed by degrees to communicate what I had to say.

'Really, Mr. Parkinson, the bank can give no assurances to you; our regular customers take up all we have at present.'

Just then I saw a well-known broker at the door, whom I knew did *not* keep an account with the Bank of the World, but between whom and the President pretty large operations were always going on.

'Walk in, Mr. Breeze,' with a pleasant tone. 'That's all I can say to you, Mr. Parkinson,' with an air of contemptuous indifference.

I left the bank, boiling over with — what? not rage, nor hatred, nor envy, nor malice, nor chagrin alone, but with all these and every other wicked passion combined and concentrated. I ground my teeth savagely together. At that moment I could have turned burglar and robbed the bank's vaults, or set fire to the building, or throttled the officers. Desperate violence was in my heart: what aroused it? Not the President's refusal to do business with me:

that might have disappointed me, but nothing more. 'The sting of contempt,' says the proverb, 'will penetrate the back of a tortoise:' it was his insulting way of regarding me as beneath the slightest consideration, and as utterly insignificant, which cut me to the quick, and aroused passions and emotions I never before experienced. Tears of vexation actually filled my eyes when I thought how powerless I was to resent this despicable slight. A very few minutes served to dissipate the force of the storm which was raging within. Soon it gave way to calmer feelings. Then I took a necessary, I may say a compulsory view of the matter, and while I still smarted under a keen sense of the man's treatment, I began to see how foolish it was to permit myself to become so disturbed by it. Indeed I could not but remember how I myself had formerly stepped into this very private office as a privileged person, and found some poor fellow waiting, humble and obsequious, whose interview I interrupted until *my* business was disposed of. Had I not left the bank on such occasions in a complacent mood, caused by the ready attention which my requests commanded from this same President? But why could he not have received me with at least a show of courtesy and declined my request in a civil manner? The arrogant, self-sufficient tone and bearing assumed by so many who have control of capital, do much toward engendering hatred, bitterness, and often crime. It is this which helps to create radicals in society, which leads to the promulgation of doctrines that make the rich man turn pale sometimes as he hears audacious avowals from noisy, turbulent men, no respecters of his position, who talk of 'equal distribution of property,' the right of every one to a home, and who openly denounce the abominations of a system which makes the 'rich richer and the poor poorer.' However, it is idle to indulge in such observations. As the devil was ever a liar from the beginning, so the rich have always been justly chargeable with oppression and contumely,* because it is the attribute of wealth to make people self-confident and overbearing. The evil must cure itself, but when — how?

Not disheartened altogether, I went to the Bank of Credit. I had known the President less intimately than the President of the Bank of the World. The cashier, however, I was better acquainted with. Indeed I had been chiefly instrumental, through two of the directors, in procuring his appointment. Passing his room, I stopped to speak with him. He was civil in reply, but *changed*. No pleased alacrity of demeanor greeted the man to whom he owed so much. He appeared very busy — very much engrossed — had not time to converse. I went into the President's room. I am pleased to record the truth that he received me kindly, with a difference compared with his former demeanor, yet absolutely with kindness: without committing himself, he listened

* It seems to us there is an unnatural bitterness in this observation of Mr. PARKINSON. It is not quite consistent with the general spirit and tone of the Memoirs. There is no sin in becoming rich or in inheriting wealth, but rather in too great *devotion* to mammon. We must say we think the remark to be sweeping.

Mr. PARKINSON, who has just read this paragraph, desires us to refer to the prayer of AGUR: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' . . . 'lest I be full and *deny thee*, and say *who is the Lord*,' etc., and also to the numerous and general denunciations of the rich throughout the Scriptures, Old and New.

EDITOR OF MEMOIRS.

to my plans, and suffered no one to interrupt me, and finally said that if I saw no other opportunity or means of employing myself, he would do what he could consistently, but really he would not advise me to undertake this sort of business. He assured me of his personal respect, however, and added, although the collaterals left with the bank would not make good the deficiency arising from the payments under the assignment, the board felt friendly toward me.

What more could I ask or expect? I took leave somewhat discouraged however by the tone in which the President advised me to seek if possible some other occupation, but I could think of no other; and on consulting further with several acquaintances, I decided to attempt this.

Meantime, the foreclosure suit had been brought to a termination, and the house advertised for sale. Just then real estate was 'dull,' but the sale brought a few capitalists together. Goulding was there, supported by Bulldog, though when on the spot he seemed averse to acknowledging the connection. Finally the property was struck down to a German by the name of Spink for nineteen thousand three hundred and fifty dollars! A little short of twenty thousand dollars for what should have brought at least twenty-five thousand. The sum which I hoped would be derived from this house for the benefit of my children had dwindled to an insignificant amount. The mortgage was fifteen thousand, something over a year's interest, eleven or twelve hundred dollars more, add the costs of foreclosure, payment of the year's taxes, sheriff's fees, etc., and considerably less than three thousand dollars would remain, and even that was to be tied up under Bulldog's injunction, while he attacked the validity of the trust to my wife.

A piece of good fortune befell me about this time. It was the abandonment of his claims on the personal property by Bulldog and his allowing judgments by default on the replevin suits. This was quite in accordance with his tactics. Bulldog was chiefly successful by making a sudden *coup* whereby he sought to strike terror into the heart of his victim and compel immediate settlement. If stoutly resisted, he was too shrewd a knave to prolong an unsuccessful fight, and would acknowledge his adversary had been too 'smart' for him with the same unblushing effrontery that he would manifest in the first attack. Indeed the day after the suits were disposed of, Bulldog went out of his way to pass me, when he exclaimed with an oath that he liked my pluck, and admitted I had been too 'damned knowing for him.' 'I shall give you a long pull, though, on the house money,' he added; 'beside, you have only bitten your own nose off, damned close to the face too.' These refined observations were made to me, *volens volens*, while Bulldog was passing on his way. I neither replied to nor noticed them; in fact, to have defeated Goulding put me in too pleasant a mood to be disturbed by any such comments.

Another agreeable episode was a little incident connected with my counsel, Mr. Norwood. When he drew up so hastily the assignment of my personal property, after putting down all the personal debts, he added also the claim against me by Norwood and Case for professional services. This bill he now proceeded to render, and to give at the same time an account of what he had

done as assignee. The bill was made out in form, and with great minuteness, and reached a pretty large figure.

'I am sorry to say, my friend,' said Mr. Norwood, 'that after paying off the other claims, which were preferred by my express wish to that of Norwood and Case, there does not remain enough to satisfy us. However, we shall make those fellows pay a good bill of costs, and you must not feel distressed about it.'

I did feel distressed. I hardly could tell why, but there was something in the tone which seemed very different from all Mr. Norwood had ever before said. I replied I was sorry, and endeavored to express my gratitude for what he had done for me, but the words stuck in my throat, and in the midst of it Mr. Norwood took his leave. I learned shortly after, that he had deposited five hundred dollars in Alice's name in the savings bank, to be employed by her as a reserve fund in case the 'house-money' should on any occasion happen to fail. Alice kept the secret from me just twenty-four hours; she could contain herself no longer. 'Really, papa, I was thinking how charming it would be to surprise you some day when you had no money for the marketing. Just as you were beginning to shake your head, and to feel very bad, I would produce my purse, in which I should have ten dollars; only ten dollars, you know, so as not to excite your suspicion, and I would say: Look here, papa, do you see that! and how I should enjoy your surprise, and I would keep my secret to enjoy it again and again. That was my plan, but I could not carry it out. To think of keeping any thing happy from you! Oh! no. I could not do it.'

Do you not suppose, reader, that listening to my beloved child, I forgot every misfortune, and could even bless the severe and untoward destiny which had developed such filial tenderness?

CHAPTER FOURTH.

MANY years before, I had known a man in my old business, prior to 1837. Our stores were adjoining, and on one occasion we were passengers together in the same vessel, the packet ship 'Roscoe,' to Liverpool. This person failed, and disappeared from business circles. Later he could be found in Wall-street, and I used to meet him frequently, and sometimes stopped to speak with him, for my heart warmed toward the man, because we had been neighbors; and it brought back the recollection of my early business life, and of the prosperous days before my first failure, when nobody was poor, and almost every one was making a fortune — on paper. Besides, we both had broke. I recovered, he never did, but after a while found his way into Wall-street, where he turned his hand to any thing and every thing out of which a commission could be carved. His name was Downer — Solomon Downer — and he was known in the street familiarly as Old Sol. His reputation of late years had become considerably damaged, and the terms, 'Old Rip,' 'Old Scamp,' 'Old Knave,' were freely applied to him. I never could learn what Solomon Downer was guilty of. If you asked for particulars you would be answered only by a fresh appli-

cation of epithets. 'Would n't trust him as far as I could swing a bull by the tail,' said one.

'But why not?' I asked.

'Give him a note to sell, and you will find out.'

'Did he ever swindle you?'

'Me! do you think I would give him a chance?'

'Or any of your friends?'

'My friends are not so green.'

'So you do not *know* any thing about him?'

'I know enough to give him a wide berth.'

Notwithstanding these severe observations, I continued to exchange friendly greetings with my old acquaintance, and frequently entered into conversation with him when occasion presented. He had a shrewd biting manner when he talked with you, not exactly bitter, but keen and sharp. One could see that the man lived a life of perpetual alertness; as if always under martial law, and in constant expectation of an attack. So all humanizing qualities were kept under, lest they should afford an exposed point to the enemy.

Some days after my conclusion to take an office in Wall-street, for the purpose of acting as a broker between parties who wished to sell notes and acceptances, and those who would buy, I met Solomon Downer on the north-east corner of Wall and William-streets, standing near the entrance to the Bank of New-York. He stepped down to the side-walk as I came up, and we shook hands. I thought he looked rather more gaunt than usual, and his face thinner. I asked him how he was. He said he had been ill for two or three days. 'Must keep stirring, though,' he continued; 'hunger won't wait, though I have had to — a man promised to meet me here at two, to give me the money for a note: now it's ten minutes to three.'

A person here ran up in great haste, and asked some questions. 'Not yet, was the answer.

'But what shall I do? I *must* have the money.'

'Wait a few minutes.'

'Few minutes be damned! I tell you I shall be protested; you have deceived me; kept me waiting all day; said I was going to have the money. Where is my note? (It is handed to him.) Guess you won't get another of mine into your hands very soon,' and off he ran muttering something which sounded like 'old swindler.'

Solomon Downer resumed his conversation with me, as if he had experienced no interruption. 'Yes, I have waited for the man since two o'clock, and if he comes now he won't do me any good: not in luck to-day.'

'How do you like Wall-street,' I asked.

'How do I *like* it; how do you think you would like *HELL*!' he exclaimed almost fiercely. 'Oh! I like it well enough,' he continued just as if he had made no previous answer; 'yes, well enough. We all get along; it do n't make much difference where. Plessis came to me the other day with the horrors: folks will have them, you know. 'My God, Sol,' says he, 'what am I to do? distress-warrant served this morning at eleven; my furniture will be

turned out by three o'clock if I don't raise the money for the landlord. Sol, I am weary of it; worn out; used up; it's no use: I can't go on any longer.'

'Well, Plessis,' says I, 'do n't be discouraged; you've *got* to go on. I never knew a man stick yet; sure to be kept a moving — ha, ha, ha! Don't mind it. Take it quiet — ha, ha, ha!' You see Plessis was n't toughened to it as I have been.'

Thereupon I rather bluntly announced to my companion that I myself entertained the idea of engaging in a Wall-street business. Solomon Downer turned square upon me, and caught hold of my arm.

'Taint so. I swear I don't believe it. I knew of your failure, but you have not come to *that*.'

I nodded.

'Parkinson,' said Downer looking at me earnestly, 'Parkinson, I say, do you remember how once in company we made a voyage to Liverpool; both of us young men; active; educated to business, and honest, I guess. Do you remember how we used to talk together, those long evenings; hopeful, fresh in feeling, eager in pursuit: bah! now look at *me*. Well, never mind, but do you recollect among other things we both said we never would stay in a place where we had hopelessly failed? We agreed it was the only way to strike out somewhere, try a new field, and so forth. We did not either of us believe we *should* fail. Every thing was gold in color then, but we talked wisely about misfortune, nevertheless. We had pleasant times after we landed,' he continued. 'If I remember right your wife was with you. God forgive me — you look — have you lost her? Well, be thankful. I was about to say, I have broken the resolution we esteemed so judicious: beware *you* don't break it.'

'You have been unfortunate here perhaps,' I said, 'and you look on the gloomy side.'

'I do, for both sides are gloomy. I do n't suppose you will change your decision for any thing I can say. Indeed, why should you? Folks call me a rascal, Parkinson,' said Downer after a pause, and in a careless tone, in strange contrast with his previous manner; 'I know they do: you know it too. I suppose I do a good many things which would not bear moral criticism, but I adapt myself to the company I keep, and so must you, if you come among us, or be plucked bare, and no larceny committed either. Lewis don't get hauled up by the police because he keeps a man till five minutes before three, in order to squeeze an extra per centage out of him, before giving him the money he knows he is bound to have. Jones gets up a corner in stocks, and beggars Smith, a poor outsider, who just steps in to try a hand; but Jones is not sent to Blackwell's Island. 'Tis pretty much so with me. I have fought beasts at Ephesus from self-defence, *because I can't get out of the den*. And now you want the grating opened to let you in! Well, good luck to you,' and Sol Downer turned and started rapidly away.

His advice did not much affect me. I had already decided, and why should the words of a man soured with his destiny overturn a carefully-considered plan — a plan recommended by judicious persons?

I had a small single room for an office. I was fortunate in getting it in an excellent locality, and at a comparatively moderate rent, in consequence of its forming the smallest of a large suite, taken by a new coal company, which having no use for this, gave it to me at a bargain. A neat 'tint,' on which my name was modestly printed in gilt letters, was placed in the centre of the door. A roll of carpeting, which remained over at the auction unclaimed, was nicely fitted to the floor. I added a desk, and some chairs, and a small table; and thus I embarked my small shallop on the sea of Wall-street life. I was to put in the market my business experience, my aptitude in affairs, and my facilities for negotiation derived from a large acquaintance with the mercantile class. I felt confident I could earn by legitimate industry in this way enough to support myself and my children. I had counted over and over the probable expenses of our establishment per annum, beginning with 'Rent,' three hundred and fifty dollars, and going through every item of household expenditure — grocer, butcher, market-man, bread, milk, fuel, gas, water, clothing, schooling, omnibus, pew-rent, one servant. Alice availed herself of each week's experience to make some improvement whereby we lived a little better on the same sum, or reduced the amount to be expended. With fifteen hundred dollars, calculating very closely, Alice and I concluded we could get along. That was about thirty dollars a week. Could I earn thirty dollars each and every week, beside paying the rent of the office? To do it I should have to make five dollars per day, one day with another. No allowance here for 'extras;' a new book, or a ride, or a week out of town, a bottle of wine or a cigar. No. The first struggle was to live, and live decently. This was what I undertook to compass, by making the most of my intelligence, and my acquaintance with business and business-men. Fifteen hundred dollars a year does not seem a great deal to you, does it, my young friend, who are just embarking in mercantile business, with some capital and a good credit? You are just married, and you have no idea of limiting your expenses to so insignificant a sum, have you? Yet if you should be forced to bring your expenditures within your actual profits, who knows if you would exceed that sum? Actually embarked in affairs — buying, selling, receiving, paying — you are not apt to distinguish between what belongs to you and what to your creditors. You dip into the general deposit, and help yourself to a living: more than that, you have your pleasures and your luxuries to pay for, and your wife has hers, all to come out of the bills receivable, and without any great regard to the bills payable: nay, more, while on your part this is generally mere thoughtlessness, occasionally some of you, I have myself heard it, will say: 'Never mind. If I succeed it will be all right; if I don't, a few hundred dollars won't make much difference in a dividend among so many, and I shall have had the good of it!' In the first case it is inexcusable improvidence, in the last dishonesty. To live within your *available* means is the most sacred of obligations, and three-fourths of all the troubles and cares of life are from a violation of it.

I was forced to the adoption of the rule: 'Earn before you eat.' I could have wished for a little leeway, but I had none. It was true Alice was the possessor of five hundred dollars, and the knowledge of it was a source of

great satisfaction to me. It relieved me of a most unhappy apprehension of what might befall us should I be taken ill, and be for a time unable to earn any thing. Unfortunately I had when a young man neglected to insure my life, and at this advanced period I could not afford to pay the premium on a comparatively moderate sum. I strove therefore with energy to *not die*. I must not leave these three children unprotected!

It was with considerable confidence, then, that I girded myself to the task of earning five dollars a day, and office-rent. Alice was so cheerful, the arrangements of our little house were so complete, owing entirely to her good taste and assiduity, we were all of us so happy in each other, shut out from the world, and making a blessed heaven of our home, that I began to yield to these precious influences, and to feel a courage which I expected never again to regain.

The spring had put forth its early blossoms and green leaves; summer had come with its rich flowers and foliage, and early fruits; with its usual heats too, sending away from the city those who can afford the expense of the relaxation, while I was endeavoring to decide what I should betake myself to for a support. It was late in the month of September when I did determine, as already narrated, on going into Wall-street. The equinoctial storm had passed. The bracing yet genial air of a New-York autumn (how glorious it is!) welcomed the returning denizens of the town, and made the pulse beat with renewed strength. The streets once more assumed the appearance of great animation. The effects of the past calamitous season were nearly effaced. Every thing pointed to a promising fall trade. There were various indications of considerable speculative action in the stock-market, and among mining and railroad companies. Once more the genius of the Yankee nation was beginning to display its restless activity.

'Parkinson, you have just hit it,' said Lecount to me; 'could n't have chosen a better time. You'll make a fortune sure, if you keep your eyes about you.'

LABOR ARE EST OR ARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us,
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us!
 Hark! how creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens:
 Idle hearts only the dim future frightens:
 To him who nobly strives, much is forgiven.

'Labor is worship,' the robin is singing;
 'Labor is worship,' the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, up-springing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart!
 From the wild cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the dull sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the frail insect, the strong coral-bower:
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life — 't is the *still* water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
 Wind the watch daily! the dark rust assaileth.
 Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Ever the pure wind about us is blowing;
 More and more rich blooms the rose-heart in growing,
 More and more brilliant the full-beaming moon.

Labor is rest, from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest, from all vexations that meet us,
 Rest, from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest, from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
 Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work, thou shalt float over care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
 Work, with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is wealth. In the sea the pearl gloweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the light acorn the broad forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.
 Labor is health. Lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
 How the strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sun-beam the swift sickle guides!

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod!

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,

Cherish *some* flower, be it ever so lowly:

Labor! all labor is noble and holy:

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE WAR.

WHERE are the Peace Societies? What have become of those philanthropic old ladies and gentlemen who, taking note of the world's progress in beating spears into pruning hooks, declare that the day for wars and blood-shed among civilized people is rapidly passing, and soon the lion will lie down comfortably with the lamb?

Verily, peace and good-will should prevail among men. Love toward our kind, patience under reproach, forbearance and long-suffering under injury, are enjoined as Christian virtues, and they are such. Why then, among this Christian people, in a country of churches and Sabbaths and ministers of the Gospel, of Sunday-schools and missionary societies, and every kind of benevolent institutions, is heard over all, and above all, the noise of tumultuous gatherings, of martial preparations, and the tread of armed legions hastening to inaugurate bloody war?

Where, we ask, are the Peace Societies?

Is it not barely possible that our kind, good-natured, milk-and-water friends are mistaken; barely possible that while undisturbed peace and non-resistance may reasonably prevail in that charming country known as Utopia, (sometimes called the paradise of fools,) yet it is not exactly the thing when practised only on one side, while the other waxes all the more fierce by reason of your own lamb-like proclivities. Is it your duty to rise and greet as a 'friend and brother' the gentlemanly burglar who is attempting your strong-box, and present him with the key, lest he damage the lock; or would it not be a more wholesome exhibition of character to treat him to a taste of your revolver?

There have been a great many volumes written to illustrate the evils of war. One careful soul has taken pains to collect an accurate list of the killed and wounded from the earliest accounts we have of any battle down to that of Solferino. What of it? He might as well tell us how many have died by cholera, the plague, or the small-pox. It is useless to prate about evils. It is idle to decry practices which have been universal since time was, and which are inevitable. The fact is, the whole world is framed in its adaptation and conformation for a sinful state in which Death is the great end-all here, and we may as well reject our ordinary clothing and put on fig-leaves as undertake to

adapt ourselves to rules fitted only for a perfect and sinless race. True, we ought to be perfect and sinless, but we are not, and we must take things as they are. Therefore, we are led to declare that there is, in our judgment, a greater evil than war, to wit, a prolonged peace, in which a nation forgets its traditions and becomes unmindful of the historic glory of its origin; where patriotism is dead and trade and barter flourish over its grave.

There is a greater evil than being forced to quit one's house to fight and possibly to be killed, to wit, remaining ingloriously at home, unmoved by your country's peril, insensible to its disgrace.

In short, when a nation reaches a point where the people are so engrossed with 'farm and merchandise' that they are unmindful of its dearest interests, and see with apathy its very existence imperilled, then is war with all its horrors a blessing, if it serve to dispel the accursed lethargy and restore animation to the living corpse.

Such was the condition of the people of the North prior to the thirteenth day of April of this current year. There had ceased to exist any strong interest in the carrying on of Government, or in the selection of good men for our Legislatures. In our cities especially, this insensibility had reached a most disgraceful point. Corrupt and unscrupulous creatures of either party prowled around the political shambles, eager only to lap up the blood and offal. Unblushing venality and effrontery universally prevailed. To rob both the State and General Government by contract was regarded as evidence of shrewdness; to fail of doing so, betokened a lack of ordinary capacity. The better class of our citizens were still more culpable; for with the power to influence for good and to prevent evil practices, they buried themselves completely in their avocations, and forgot what they owed to the country. Embarking in large enterprises, building palaces to live in, and laying plans for mercantile and commercial prosperity, they did not wish to be disturbed. So extraordinary was the advance in luxurious habits and modes of life, that many declared the end of the Republic was already at hand; that it was soon to fall through the same causes which had destroyed so many nations in former times. There was nothing sufficiently potent to electrify us, no watch-word to which we would respond.

Some endeavored to conjure with the revered name of the Father of his Country, almost despairingly quoting striking paragraphs from Washington's Farewell Address.

The words fell on listless ears.

Others spoke eloquently of the glory of the American name, and of the shame which awaited it abroad, and implored us to save the flag, once so dear to the American heart, from threatened desecration.

No sign or response followed.

It is true there existed a party which claimed to entertain (*politically*) patriotic feelings. This party was loud enough in expressing them, but really it was '*Vox et præterea Nihil*,' a part of the noisy game of politics. There was nothing in all their clamors which struck below the surface.

At length a peaceful merchant-ship, carrying provisions to a starving garrison, was fired into, compelled to stop and turn back from its errand of mercy.

Still no response.

'Dead! dead! Are the sympathies of this great nation DEAD?' was asked in sorrowful and despairing tones. It was so. Indeed a majority rejoiced that forbearance was exercised and that no attempt was made to resent the audacious indignity. So the small garrison was left to perish by hunger. Surely to perish after just so many days — days which the surgeon of the little band could number scientifically; and to be accurate, he added certain other days, during which the men would be sustained (he *knew them*) by the indomitable force of their courage and resolution!

Still the nation slept.

All the while went on the successful investment by a score of batteries and forts of the beleaguered fortress, until eight thousand men had gathered together to destroy eighty. After every preparation was made which military skill and science could devise, the forts and batteries manned by the eight thousand commenced the attack, and for thirty-six hours were resisted by men who fought only to protect the honor of the flag which waved over the battered and burning ruin a proud defiance to the enemy. 'What stake had these men in the country?' as Simon Slop would say. Had they ships or adventures on the high seas? Had they warehouses on shore? Had they money in the funds? Had they lands or city lots? Foolish men, to be inspired by a SENTIMENT! to be carried to a pitch of divine frenzy by a piece of bunting! Well, after thirty-six hours these grim warriors were reduced to extremity. Saluting their flag with a salvo of artillery, they lowered it from its place, and causing the wild and triumphant strains of the national air to be played, they evacuated the untenable position with the colors of their country flying over their heads.

Then suddenly burst forth from the nation one mighty united cry. The apathetic slumber had been broken, and instantaneously the country became an armed camp. The probe had penetrated the subsoil, and the MANHOOD of the people was roused. The heroic element, fast dying out, suddenly sprung into life and vigor. Every man, woman and child responded with romantic devotion, proving the existence of that quality which when electrified lifts us above the every-day tone of common-place.

Is it not worth a contest, and if needs be the sacrifice of lives and property, to rescue a people from a fatal slumber, and restore among them the prestige of their ancient glory? And shall we permit any whining cant about the evils of war, to deter us now from making our government a firm and a secure one? Is the occupation of a soldier as demoralizing as that of the miser or covetous man? Whose heart would you prefer to carry about with you — that of one of the defenders of your forts, or of the considerate capitalist who feared lest the reverberations of the cannon might cause United States six per cents to fluctuate? It is very doubtful if war makes a people sanguinary or cruel. We know it makes them valiant and courageous, and valor and courage command respect. The North would never be in its present position had not com-

plete devotion to its 'material interests' led the South naturally to conclude we were a race of mere artisans and trades-folk, whom no insult could divert from the Christian pursuits of peace. Finding we gave little thought about how the country was governed, they undertook to manage it their own way. Supposing us to be cowards, they treated us accordingly, and set up for masters. They have come very near succeeding in their attempt, and maintaining the correctness of their theory; and if it takes a war to undeceive them, in God's name let it come. Establishing our claim to respect by the strong arm, we shall find the South ready to yield to a foe they can honor; when they have no consideration for a brother they can only despise. They are gallant fellows, and as such will appreciate a sound thrashing, and the sooner they have it the better.

The war has commenced, and will be carried forward on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The voice of partisanship is hushed, the watchwords of politicians are laid aside, and the question of slavery, once so potent as a political mischief-maker, has shrunk into meagre insignificance. The very Life of the Republic is at stake. Who defends *it* guards and protects his own: he does more, he provides for his children, and his children's children. There is no time for question, no space for complaint or lamentation; not a sigh will be heard, nor a murmur uttered. There is nothing to be regretted, but much to be atoned for. We are fighting for the largest stake ever battled for since the world was. Here more than in Europe are liberty and despotism arrayed against each other. The plan is already fully developed to establish a monarchy in our land, and the man who now directs the movement is to-day virtually the monarch! But let not the timid be alarmed. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but with exactness.' They must trust the ALMIGHTY.

In the reign of Perseus a pillar was erected on the Isthmus, to point out the boundary between the Athenians and the Peloponnesians. On one side of this pillar was inscribed: 'This is *not* Peloponnesus, but Ionia.' And on the other: 'This is *not* Ionia, but Peloponnesus.' There must be no such pillar raised within the bounds of these United States. No column on which shall be inscribed: 'This is *not* the North, but the South.' Or: 'This is *not* the South, but the North.' And if in resisting a division, our country is to be baptized in blood, *be it so*. No sacrifice can be too precious which shall preserve it 'ONE AND INSEPARABLE.'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

NIAGARA : AND OTHER POEMS. By E. G. HOLLAND. In one Volume : pp. 170. New-York : RUDD AND CARLETON, Number 130 Grand-street.

'GREAT GOD !'—exclaimed FANNY KEMBLE, when first the 'Great Cataract,' amid 'mighty thunderings,' burst at once upon her vision, obliterating in a moment all *previous* conceptions of this 'Wonder of the World'—'great God, *who* can describe Niagara !' She was right : for there *speaks* the voice of God, and there should Man be dumb. We seldom *read* a poem on Niagara : we have *seen* the subject : we have *felt* the impossibility of describing it. We pass in silence therefore the first portion of the little volume under notice. Mr. HOLLAND, the author, has heretofore appeared in these pages, with acceptance to our readers, as his lines to 'Weimar,' in our number for May, a year ago, will sufficiently attest : although among the poems composing the collection, only three or four have been previously published. Mr. HOLLAND has more and higher merit as a poet than will be likely to be appreciated in these stirring times : but he 'has it in him,' and can well afford to wait. He has been much abroad ; and has done good service to the literature of our country, in lecturing upon it in London, and other large towns and cities in Great Britain. To show how much a poet can evoke from what one would be apt to consider a meagre subject, we extract the lines '*To My Dictionary*,' which most emphatically 'speak for themselves :

'WHAT art thou, Book? A mass of words
All lifeless as a stone?
The fossil sounds of by-gone times
Transmitted to our own?
Thy space I measure with my hand,
Thy weight I scarcely feel,
And though I read thee many times,
No spark shall light my zeal.
'Words! words!' These and only these
In isolation stand,
An independent multitude
With no uniting band.

'How cold and lifeless is thy page!
Thou ne'er hast known a tear,
Nor brought from out the joy-filled heart
One laugh of earnest cheer.
Yet there are books with magic fraught
O'er all life's finer springs,
That sway the hearts and lives of men
As winds sway lesser things.
Fly days and nights beneath their spell
As arrows through the air,
And men as on angelic wings
Regain 'the mansions fair.'

'Though charmless thou, I hold thee dear;
And as I gaze on thee,
I know thy words are moving fast
In thousands livingly.
They glow within the lover's speech
As burned the vestal flame;
And yet, in Poet's lofty strain
That wakes eternal fame.
In sorrow's wail, in want's lone prayer,
In penitence sincere,
In all that soul to soul reveals,
Thy words of life appear.

'This hour, as 'neath the Castle's* walls
I hear the echoing winds,
Thy words in myriad uses serve
Ten thousand hearts and minds.
Ten thousand pens are using thee
In wisdom, letter, verse;
In happiness, in misery,
In better and in worse :
In all that mortal natures feel
Of hope, of joy, of care,
When on the earth they reverent kneel
Offering holy prayer :

* THE Castle at Heidelberg, which as a ruin is second only to the Alhambra of Spain.

Or when in musings dark within
 Unsaid to those about,
 Thy words are living servants all
 We ne'er could do without.

'Thou art the book of human life,
 The sum of all we know;
 Ten thousand ages in thee meet
 And in thy meanings flow.
 Man's many-sided nature has
 Through many eras passed;
 His knowledge and his history
 In words are fully glassed:
 Each word that stands upon thy page
 Is record true of man,
 Of that which in the world he found
 Or in his being ran.
 Had Virtue ne'er been in the world
 Nor Beauty in the morn,
 These words we ever prize so dear
 Had ne'er themselves been born.

'As elements in nature few
 Compose the boundless whole,
 And take their countless forms of life
 In order's nice control,
 So man thy words in myriad ways
 Doth well in use combine,
 And through the form each gives to thee
 His *quality* doth shine.
 The wise, the fool, the good, the base,
 All use thee as they will,
 While thou in ways unknown to them
 Tak'st their true likeness still.
 Dull book! I view thee evermore
 As monument of man,
 To mark the progress he has made
 As Time his cycles ran;
 Both mind and nature hold the laws
 Which must all language sway,
 And *these*, throughout creation's range,
 Shall human speech obey.'

MESSRS. RUDD AND CARLETON are winning for their publications a reputation for good printing and tasteful binding, which will be likely to stand them in good stead hereafter.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Edited by his Son. In two Volumes: pp. 571. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Grand-street.

We remember having met one summer morning, many, *many* years ago, at the Variety-Store of his sons, we think it was in Broadway, (a place made famous by BONFANTE, whom our poet had rendered famous,) with SAMUEL WOODWORTH, the author of the two beautiful volumes of blue-and-gold, now lying before us. We recollect him as a man a little under the ordinary height, but stout and 'stubb'd,' as they say 'down east,' or 'stocky,' as they say 'out west,' with a healthful complexion, a pair of bright, small, dark eyes, and an expression of amiability and cheerfulness animating his pleasant features. We should like to recall the remembrance of this casual meeting, by a portrait of some kind in the volumes before us. Mr. WOODWORTH was a poet so 'individual' in many of his writings; there was so much of *himself*; his reminiscences of childhood; his domestic affections; and his patriotism at a time when patriotism (as *now*, thank Heaven!) was an honor and a glory; there was so much of all this in many of his writings, that thousands would delight to look upon the 'counterfeit presentment' of the author of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' 'See on Brooklyn Heights the Patriotic Diggers,' and 'The Hunters of Kentucky.' If it were possible in a second edition, (which there is small doubt will be called for,) to supply this omission, it would add very much to the attractions of the work.

Aprpos of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' which has been read, felt and enjoyed by millions of readers, since it was first given to the world, we find the following account of its inception and composition in an 'Introductory Notice of SAMUEL WOODWORTH, by GEORGE P. MORRIS,' which opens the first volume: 'It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at

the time in Duane-street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall-street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water — New-York pump-water — exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table: ‘That is very refreshing; but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father’s well, at home!’ Hearing this, the poet’s wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: ‘SELIM, why would n’t that be a pretty subject for a poem?’ The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from the very depths of his heart those beautiful lines which have immortalized his name: ‘a pastoral song whose merit consists in the graphic accuracy of the description, the simplicity and nature of its sentiments, and the melodious flow of the versification. It appeals to feelings cherished in every human bosom, which, though they may be suppressed for a while, can never be extinguished. Gen. MORRIS well says, in conclusion, that the fame of *such* a writer may be safely left to time and his country.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS OF MRS. PROZZI, (THRALE.) Edited with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings. By A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q.C. In one Volume: pp. 520. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THERE is surely *variety* enough in this corpulent, gossip volume to satisfy the most fastidious reader, ‘pleased with novelty.’ When the papers of which the work is principally composed were laid before Lord MACAULAY, he gave it as his opinion that they afforded materials for ‘a most interesting and durably popular volume.’ They comprise Autobiographical Memoirs of Mrs. PROZZI; Private Letters; Fugitive Pieces, of her Composition, most of which have never before appeared in print; Manuscripts by her on WRAXALL’S Memoirs, and on her own published works, namely: ‘Anecdotes of the late SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., during the last twenty years of his life;’ ‘Letters to and from the late SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.;’ ‘Observations and Reflections made in the course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany;’ and ‘Retrospection: or, Review of the most striking and important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have presented to the View of Mankind.’ Aside from this original stock of materials, large and valuable additions reached the Editor while his work was in progress: including a copy of BOSWELL’S Life of JOHNSON, plentifully sprinkled with marginal notes by Mrs. PROZZI; with curious passages from a copious diary or note-book, entitled ‘Thraliana,’ kept by the same lady for upward of thirty years. A scholar, a wit, a poetess, and a woman of an understanding so large and comprehensive as to win the warm admiration, for a quarter of a century, of so acute an observer and so exacting a critic as the great Dr. JOHNSON, could scarcely fail to furnish a work of the rarest interest. We shall certainly refer to the volume again, for its pages were most liberally pencilled as we read, indicating the ‘plums’ which it is our intention to extract hereafter.

There is *one* thing recorded in this book, of which, much as we had learned of many incidents in Mrs. Prozzz's life, and examples of her character, from other works, we never heard before. It seems that when nearly eighty years of age, she took a fancy for the actor CONWAY, who afterward visited this country, played with much success at the old Park Theatre, and finally committed suicide by throwing himself over-board from a vessel at mid-night, while on a voyage from New-York to Charleston. CONWAY was well known in this city. He was six feet high, and a very handsome man; but his advantages as an actor, at the period when the old lady fell in love with him, were regarded by the general English public as mainly physical. Not so Mrs. Prozzz. This *ci-devant jeune femme* writes him in one of her love-letters:

'AND now, dear Sir, let me request of you to love yourself, and to reflect on the necessity of not dwelling on any *particular subject* too long, or too intensely. It is really very dangerous to the health of body and soul. Beside that, our time here is but short; a mere preface to the great book of eternity; and 't is scarce worthy of a reasonable being not to keep the end of human existence so far in view that we may tend to it, either directly or obliquely in every step. This is preaching—but remember how the sermon is written at three, four, and five o'clock by an octogenary pen—a heart (as Mrs. LEE says) twenty-six years old: and as H. L. P. feels it to be—ALL YOUR OWN. Suffer your dear noble self to be in some measure benefited by the talents which are left *me*; your health to be restored by soothing consolations while *I remain here*, and am able to bestow them. All is not lost yet. You *have* a friend, and that friend is Prozzz.'

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND. By Lord MACAULAY. Edited by his Sister, Lady TREVELYAN. In one Volume: pp. 293. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MORE than wonted interest attaches to this volume: which is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact, that two editions, the first of five thousand copies, and the second equally large, have been already called for from two publishing houses, one in New-York, the other in Boston. It was the last work of the 'good right hand' of the great historian which now lies mouldering in his deep grave in Westminster Abbey. The work is given to the world precisely as it was left: no connecting link has been added; no reference verified; no authority sought for, or examined. The last thoughts of the great mind which has passed away from the world, have been preserved sacred from any touch but his own.

To enlarge upon the character of a work now so widely known, and that a production, and the *last* production of a historian like MACAULAY, would be an act of supererogation of which, even had we abundant space, we should take care not to be guilty. Suffice it to say, that it contains, in all particulars, the characteristics of his genius, and of his 'master-hand.' We have reserved one extract, and that a short one, only to call the reader's attention to the matchless condensation and picturesqueness of the style. Lord MACAULAY's description of that second 'Mississippi Bubble'-er, the Scotchman PATERSON, and his great 'Isthmus of Darien Colony' project, will appear in our July number.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, MAY 1ST, 1861.

'MY DEAR KNICK: What a glorious thing is *rest*. Not that rest that remaineth to the saints, but that other rest which we mortals enjoy, when, after long days and nights of sleepless exposure, we stretch our weary limbs on the soft side of a pavement, and sink into the arms of oblivion. On that blissful state your correspondent has entered. For six blessed nights, on a marble bed, with my knapsack for a pillow, and my blanket for mattress and 'coverlid,' I have luxuriated in the enjoyment of that glorious invention on which Sancho Panza pronounced his immortal eulogium, while a thousand throats, pitched to every key of melodious snore, have sung me to repose. Under its reviving influence I am again 'as good as new,' and ready for a fight with the Southern tigers, or even for another twenty hours' march over those cursed Maryland 'sleepers.'

'The papers have told you of our arrival here, of our exploits at railway building, and of our 'moving accidents by flood and field;' but they have not told you of our manner of life since our arrival.

'It was a glorious June-like afternoon when the engine, puffing and panting with the unusual exertion, dragged its rickety limbs into the depot at Washington. Every house and every street-crossing that we passed seemed alive with people, and a crowd of men, women and children met us at the station, frantic with excitement. As we emerged from the cars, cheer after cheer for 'the gallant Seventh' went up from ten thousand throats, till the very roof trembled. I thought of how Joshua brought down the walls of Jericho, and momentarily expected to see the building 'cave.' It 'stood the racket,' however, and we reached the open air in safety. Here again the wildest enthusiasm greeted us. The whole city appeared to have gathered around the station-house, and at the foot of Capitol Hill, to give us such a greeting as even the Seventh never received before. The hopes, the fears, the painful suspense and torturing anxiety the people had endured for the previous week, vanished with our arrival, and the long pent-up feelings of the populace found vent in shouts that made the welkin ring. Though wearied, foot-sore, and half-famished, we caught the prevailing enthusiasm, and forming in front of the station, marched with as firm a tread as ever shook Broadway, to the President's house. We had not, however, gone the length of a block before discovering that we had been made the victims of the treasonable practices of the metropolitan boot-makers. Nearly every man of us felt in his boots a countless number of sharp instruments, which pierced his *sole* like knives, and made marching a torture. My own feet bled at every pore, and I inwardly

determined that my friend 'Leatherskin' should, if I lived to return, do penance for his atrocious treason by wearing his own boots. (Will you not, my dear KNICK, suggest to his honor the Mayor, that he can in no way better evince his new-born patriotism than by hanging every boot-maker in his dominions?)

'Despite the boots, however, we marched, and a triumphal march it was. Not Rome, when its emperors returned from their mavelloous conquests with captive kings at their chariot-wheels; not Paris, when her senators dragged the carriage of the Conqueror of Austerlitz in triumph to his capital, ever gave such a greeting as welcomed the Seventh at every step of its progress through Pennsylvania Avenue. Our march was one continued and spontaneous ovation. From every window and balcony fair hands waved miniature ensigns, and soft voices breathed blessings upon us. As we passed the Treasury and State Departments, the cheers were literally deafening; and when we reached the semi-circular road-way leading to the Presidential mansion, the enthusiasm overleaped all bounds. The excited multitude thronged into the ranks, and nearly trampled down the President and the two Cabinet officers who were waiting to receive us. We marched on to the parade-ground, where our Regiment passed in review before the President, each officer saluting him and each private taking a 'good look' at the man into whose hands, at this terrible juncture, are committed the destinies of American freedom. Mr. Lincoln seemed to participate in the feeling of relief and security so unmistakably manifested by the populace; and his homely features, lit up as they were with more than his wonted enthusiasm, seemed positively handsome.

'The review over, we resumed our march down the avenue to the National, where we had dinner, and a glorious dinner it was. Till then I never so fully realized the pleasures of the gastronomical exercise. The moment before we sat down I would cheerfully have given all my earthly possessions for such a dinner!

'After dining, I strolled down the avenue to enjoy the evening air, and soon found myself 'the observed of all observers.' Wherever I went, the people gazed at me with somewhat of the same emotions they doubtless would display were Barnum and the celebrated 'What is It' to suddenly appear among them. By-the-way, why has not the Government enlisted that wonderful savage—not Barnum, but the 'What is It'—for the defence of Washington? Let his ugly visage be once seen on the southern shore of the Potomac, and the capital will be safe.

'That night the Regiment took up its quarters at the Hall of Representatives. Soon every available resting-place in that immense hall was occupied. Stretched out at full length on the floors, stairs, sofas and desks, we slept as sweetly and as soundly as the babe upon its mother's bosom.

'At five o'clock the following morning the reveille sounded, and in five minutes every man was on his feet, wonderfully refreshed and ready for duty. Then a singular sight presented itself. Every hall and corridor in that magnificent building was lumbered with barrels of flour and other stores, in promiscuous piles of 'most admired disorder,' forming a strange contrast to the splendid tessellated pavements and rich decorations of the rooms.

'In the course of the day we took the oath of allegiance to the United

States. The Regiment formed in a hollow square on the Capitol grounds, and each member holding up his right hand, swore to defend our glorious flag against all enemies, and, so help us God, WE WILL DO IT.

'While off duty in the evening of this day, I met our mutual friend —, who was just returned from an interview with General SCOTT. He found the old hero in excellent spirits, and greatly relieved by the opportune arrival of our own and the Massachusetts Regiments. The General assured him that his preparations were and would continue to be *ten days in advance* of those of JEFFERSON DAVIS. The country is safe while its army has such a leader.

'On Sunday we had service in the Hall of Representatives by our Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. WESTON. The entire Regiment, except the two hundred detailed for guard-duty, were present. A more solemn and impressive scene I never witnessed. That magnificent hall, which had so often resounded with the noisy declamation of the demagogue, and witnessed the disgraceful brawls of the Southern chivalry, now echoed the eloquent voice of the man of God, calling on the brave men gathered in solemn stillness around him, to offer up their lives, their all, for their homes, their country, and human freedom. Not a man faltered. Every face told of the stern resolve to bear the glorious flag, whose folds draped the Speaker's desk, in triumph through danger and through death.

'But my letter is already longer than I had intended, so adieu. I may write again. —'

We have also the following note from one of our most esteemed contributors, now a member of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, which won so much glory on the toilsome march from Annapolis to the Junction :

'HEAD-QUARTERS EIGHTH REGIMENT, M.V.M., CAPITOL,
WASHINGTON, D.C., MAY 1ST, 1861.'

'MY DEAR SIR: Ten years ago I was stopping for a few days at WILLARD'S, in this city, on my route South, for a pleasure-trip. To-day, I am abiding in the Rotunda of the Capitol, a private in the service of our venerable and much-to-be-respected Uncle SAM, on my route South, in fighting trim. Who then thought of these times; who then dreamed that our country's future was big with such events as have transpired in the last six months?

'Thus I pondered a few nights ago, as wakeful and restless I tossed upon my blanket, on the chilly pavement of the Rotunda. I had reflected well ere I signed the roll of my company; and when I did it, it was from a sense of pure principle, duty to the country that gave me birth, honor to the flag that has so often floated in the breeze above my head in far-off foreign climes. But when I try to look squarely at my present position, I can hardly realize that I am indeed a soldier — a soldier to defend that flag against rebels and traitors.

'I am proud to say, that my name is on the roll of the hard-working company of the hard-working Regiment of the Massachusetts Brigade. I believe it is universally conceded that the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment are the toughest boys about. 'Those are the men we *can depend on*,' remarked President LINCOLN, yesterday, as he passed down our line on parade. Yes, Sir! He can depend on us; with every hand uplifted, and every voice in unison, we swore faithful and true allegiance to the flag 'of three colors and thirty-four stars.'

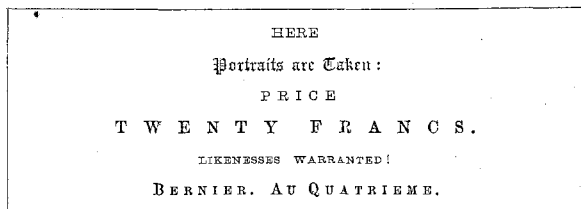
'Side by side and shoulder to shoulder with us, too, have worked and marched the gallant Seventh of New-York, (God bless them!) They have upheld us with their sympathy, they have shared with us canteen and haversack, they have come to the aid of our wounded and unfortunate. Together at length we have reached one stage of our destination. The enemy has not yet assailed us in force. A few chance, distant shots only have shown that there is fire in us both; but if ever the colors of either should go down before hostile hosts the other will be first to avenge their fall with each man's heart-blood.

'The papers thus far have told you of the principal events of our route hither. From the hour when Broadway and Courtlandt-street rung with the echoing cheers that bade us God-speed upon the path of patriotic duty, you and many others, readers of 'OLD KNICK,' in common with the dear ones we left in our New-England homes, have watched for tidings of our journeying. We abide now at the marble feet of him — first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. Whatever mission the finger of PROVIDENCE hence may point the way, I can only tell you, we are Ready, and we are True! You shall hear from me again.

E. D. KNIGHT, JR.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—'The Foe to Graphic Art,' by our 'various' and entertaining correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' of Philadelphia, will 'tickle the cockles' of our artist-friends. Wanting 'a pickshure' 'the worst kind' highly illuminates one of our American flash phrases:

'My friend BERNIER once painted portraits in Paris, *à la Sardine*, that is, in Oil, for a mere song: he assured me this was actually all he was paid in two instances, when he portrayed the faces of Madame FLONELON, first singer at the Gaudriolle Theatre; and Mlle. PRUDENCE, soprano of the Boulevards. Generally he asked about four dollars our currency, as his sign showed:



And for a season he flourished. Appearances indicated that he would be able to drink beer and smoke caporal, take LOUISE to the theatre and out on excursions, for an indefinite period: but no! Fate was about to dash his beer to the ground, upset LOUISE, and put out his pipe. And she did it at one blow. She established a rival, one Monsieur JUDAS, around the corner.

'Ah! that *gr-r-rédin* of a JUDAS!' exclaimed my friend BERNIER: 'he desolated my home; embittered my life; saddened my days; and plunged the dagger of subtraction in my pocket. He took portraits for eighteen francs. Likenesses guar-r-r-ranted!'

'You, who know that my forte is historical painting, may imagine, in the midst of

my portrait-painting, with how much enthusiasm I commenced my first grand piece intended for the Exhibition. It was large — but not too large, for the commissionaire to carry! I took him around on purpose to the shop where I bought my canvases, and made him begin like *MIL* with a small calf of a frame: lift that, and so on up, until he came to a bulky one, that I concluded, fully loaded with paint and oil, would be as much as he could stagger under: for you know it's a long walk from the Rue d'Enfer to the Exhibition. That's the way to choose a canvas for the Exhibition.'

'Good: the next thing was a subject. Modesty, my brave boy, sits nobly on the shoulders of the youthful aspirant for fame. I determined that I would introduce only one figure in my grand historical painting. I had a study of the Emperor *NAPOLEON* I. on horseback. What to do with him? A brilliant idea! I determined to place him on top of the great pyramid of Gizeh.'

'But, my dear *BERNIER*, how could that be — on horseback?'

'Ugh! — wings on the horse, of course. Fame. Apotheosis. Orient. Beside the pyramid would fill three-quarters of the canvas, and the figure of *NAPOLEON* on horseback, with wings, would only have to be about six inches high. Well, imagine me working like a Spartan on this magnificent work; cheered on by *LOUISE*, who at times posed for the Emperor, the Pyramid, or the horse, as occasion required: when one morning there entered my studio a gentleman evidently from the hay-side of the world. He came in as if he were entering a den of thieves, and evidently regarded my easel as a large Figure Four trap to catch rats, at twenty francs a head. He did not come too near it.

'Good day, Sir. You wish to have your portrait taken? asked I.

'A troubled expression crossed his face as he replied:

'I just do: the worst kind.'

'Impossible, Sir, that a face so beaming with excellence should ever make a painting of the worst kind. Rather say the best kind; and after three sittings of one hour each, it will give me pleasure to place in your possession — price only twenty francs — a head that will adorn the proudest mansion, outside the barriers. For, Monsieur, I presume by his ruddy appearance comes from where grass grows and ——' Here I wound up with a bow, for *LOUISE*, who is always laughing, was at that time, with a pair of gloves stuffed in her mouth, nearly black in the face from suppressed attempts to restrain her mirth: I did n't see what at, but she did.

'I want a pickshure, but hain't no time to waste onto it. I'll give you an hour to do it in, and can't afford no more. Time is money, when I come to town. Can't you do it?'

'Impossible. I always ask three sittings, if not more. The first sitting you will be in an active state, when I can catch the expression as it flies; the second you will be passive, when I can fasten the portrait; and in the third sitting you will be neutral ——' *LOUISE* upset a chair just at this very critical moment of my explanation, and the world must lose my reflection, or make one for itself.

'Wal, I suppose I must give it up, or try somewhere's else. Sorry to have troubled you. Good mornin'. And off went the countryman.

'Three days afterward, while putting in the stones to the great pyramid, there entered my studio a man bearing in his hands a large canvas, and as the reverse side was toward me I read on it, '*JUDAS*, Portrait-Painter.' On the other side being shown by the bearer, I noticed a very tolerable likeness to the bearer himself, who was the same countryman who had visited me, and desired to have a portrait at one sitting.

'Sir,' said I, 'I am desolated by pleasure at again beholding you this time holding a —— What is it?'

'Pickshure —— my pickshure; done by Mr. *JUDAS* round the corner, for eighteen

francs. And I brought it in to show you that a pickshure could be painted in less than an hour. Yes, Sir! in less than ten minutes by Mr. JUDASSES' watch ——'

"'Probably that watch only goes, when the owner carries it,' I interrupted. You know that with gentlemen from the rural world one may venture on old and venerable jokes.

"'No, Sir! I heard her tick: beside' — here he produced a silver watch about the size of a piece of soap, or small soup-plate — 'I timed him myself.'

"'I looked at the portrait carefully: pretty highly colored, but not badly worked up: evidently not finished under ten or twelve hours' hard work, and the likeness by no means bad.

"'And you mean to tell me that the artist did this in ten minutes? Simply impossible.'

"'I mean I only set ten minutes, 'cause Mr. JUDAS said, said he, at the end of that time with a wave of his hand: 'Tis done but not dried; call to-morrow afternoon, or the day after to-morrow, and you can have it.' I went this morning, and here it is.'

"'The countryman having been assured that it was by no means a bad portrait, then left me, and I fell into a brown study.

"'LOUISE,' said I, 'the sword of DAMOCLES hangs over our heads.'

"'Where?' answered she, staring and looking up at the ceiling.'

"'Round the corner with JUDAS!'

"'Ha, *gr-r-rédin!* what business has he with the sword of DAM — somebody?'

"'To cut off our coffee, fried potatoes, spectacle, caporal; with his beastly ten minutes and EIGHTEEN francs! This must be looked into; we are betrayed!'

"'Bon!' suddenly exclaimed LOUISE; 'he must do it by magic; he will tell FIFINE all about it. FIFINE will tell me: we are saved!' LOUISE went to see FIFINE: as it was about noon, she carried FIFINE a paper of hot fried potatoes, and I gave her a franc to buy red-wine, rolls and radishes. Princes, says ROCHEFOUCAULD, make many unthankful persons because they do not give them all they can. I gave all I could to learn the secret of JUDAS' success, and LOUISE won it from FIFINE.

"'The traitor had a partner who had a ——'

"'I know what it is,' said I suddenly; 'he had a STEAM-ENGINE.'

"'Worse, worse by one hundred and seventy-four francs and six centimes, he had a — photographic machine hidden behind a curtain. Traitor! While he pretended to take the portrait on canvas, his partner took it by light and acids. Infamous man! At the end of ten minutes he told the innocent lamb from the fields: 'It is cut but not dried!' Ha! The history of crime presents no parallel to this! Those human beings in the form of fiends, (their harmless victim departed,) sacrificed art to artful dodges: they transferred the features to canvas from their photograph, and by dint of working hard, earned their ill-gotten gains. What would MICHAEL ANGELO say to that? He would say with a voice like a drum: '*Canaille!*'

"'Enough: I fled from Paris; dropped the brush, took up the pencil, and for two years earned a living in the Borbonico Museum at Naples, copying statues: for the enlightened, last King of the Bourbons there forbade a single work in that collection to be taken by photography; which he justly entitled, as I did in JUDAS' case, a

For to Graphic Art.'

Many a portrait-painter will echo this. - - - A BROOKLYN friend and occasional correspondent ('P. Q. R.') is good enough to remind us, that some years since we 'admitted in the KNICKERBOCKER an exceedingly well-written article, in the body of the Magazine, in praise of BOSWELL as a Biographist;' and wondering especially at the 'change in our views,' as evinced in the remarks

which we made touching 'Bozzy,' in the notice of IRVING's 'Life of GOLDSMITH,' in our last number. Whether our correspondent is aware of the fact or not, it is certain that we expressed at the time, and in the same issue of our journal in which the article referred to appeared, the impression of the selfish Scotch toady which Mr. IRVING conveys in his matchless biography. And here we beg leave to quote a few sentences from Mr. IRVING, in corroboration of the truth of the estimate which he has formed of that selfish, envious 'literary magpie:' 'On one occasion,' says Mr. IRVING, 'JOHNSON, who had been sociably acquainted with GOLDSMITH for two years, and knew his merits, took him with him to drink tea with his blind pensioner, Miss WILLIAMS; a high privilege among his intimates and admirers. To BOSWELL, whose obtrusive sycophancy had not yet made its way to intimacy, JOHNSON gave no invitation. BOSWELL felt this with all the jealousy of a little mind. 'Dr. GOLDSMITH,' he says in his memoirs, 'being a privileged man, went with him, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, 'I go to Miss WILLIAMS'. I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed to be so proud: but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.' 'Obtained!' adds IRVING, 'but *how*? Not like GOLDSMITH, by the force of unpretending but congenial merit, but by a course of the most pushing, contriving, and spaniel-like subserviency. Really, the ambition of the man to illustrate his mental insignificance, by continually placing himself in juxtaposition with the great lexicographer, has something in it perfectly ludicrous. Never since the days of DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO PANZA, has there been presented to the world a more whimsically-contrasted pair of associates than JOHNSON and BOSWELL. 'Who is this Scotch cur at JOHNSON's heels?' asked some one, when BOSWELL had worked his way into incessant companionship. 'He is not a *cur*,' replied GOLDSMITH; 'you are too severe: he is only a *bur*. TOM DAVIES flung him at JOHNSON in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking.' Look also at this: 'On one occasion the Doctor detected Bozzy, as he called him, eaves-dropping behind his chair, as he was conversing with Miss BURNAY at Mr. THRALE's table. 'What are you doing *there*, Sir?' cried he, turning round angrily: 'go to the table, Sir.' Bozzy obeyed with an air of affright and submission, which raised a smile on every face. Scarce had he taken his seat, however, at a distance, than impatient to get again at the side of JOHNSON, he rose, and was running off in quest of something to show him, when the Doctor roared after him authoritatively, 'What are you thinking of, Sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, Sir!' And the obsequious spaniel did as he was commanded.' The officious toady got another rebuff from JOHNSON which would have demolished any *other* man. He had been teasing him with many direct questions; such as, 'What did you *do*, Sir?' 'What did you *say*, Sir?' until the great philologist became perfectly enraged. 'I will not be put to the *question*,' roared he: 'do n't you consider, Sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with '*What*' and '*Why*? 'What is this?' and 'What is that?' 'Why is a cow's tail long?' 'Why is a fox's tail bushy?' 'Why, Sir,' replied PILGARLIC, 'you are *so good*, that I venture to trouble you.' 'Sir,' replied JOHNSON, 'my being *so good* is no reason why you should be *so ill*. You have but two topics, Sir; yourself and me, and I am sick of both.' The truth is, that

BOSWELL was an eternal meddler and busy-body; an envious, jealous marplot. He affected to under-value GOLDSMITH, the gentle, gifted, unsuspecting, frank child of Genius, a lurking hostility to whom is discernible throughout his writings. He was piqued at his increasing celebrity, after his first literary success in London, and said and did all he could to lower the intellectual standard claimed for him by Dr. JOHNSON, who invariably treated BOSWELL's insinuations and animadversions with the contempt which they deserved. Here, for example, is one of BOSWELL's own records, as we find it set down in CROKER's BOSWELL:

'We talked of a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London: and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' JOHNSON: 'Nay, Sir, we'll send *you* to him: if your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will!' This was to me a horrible shock.'

'BOSWELL's inveterate disposition to *toad*,' says Mr. IRVING, 'was a sore cause of mortification to his honest old father:' and judging from a letter of Dr. JOHNSON's to the pliant, rattle-pated eaves-dropper, it is evident that BOSWELL Senior regarded his son with a feeling akin to contempt: and he certainly had good occasion to do so. - - - A CORRESPONDENT 'down East,' in a 'matter-full' note to the Editor, relates the subjoined incident. Perhaps he didn't desire to have it printed: but we run the risk; for 'it's too good to keep.' He says he was taking a sleigh-ride with a very pretty girl, when he encountered a Methodist minister, a favorite gospel itinerant in all the region round about. He stopped him, and asked hurriedly: 'Can you *tie a knot* for me?' 'Yes,' said Brother B —, 'I guess so: when do you want it done?' 'Well, 'right away,' was the reply. 'Is it *lawful*, though, here in the highway?' asked 'the brother: 'I never thought of *that*.' 'I don' know,' was the response, made just as a young briefless lawyer drove up, to whom the case was submitted. 'It depends on the *sort* of knot which he wishes tied,' was the decision. '*I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!*' shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister in his profane wrath, should 'fall from grace.' At a safe distance he 'slowed' and heard the lawyer demanding a fee of five dollars from the minister for 'professional advice!' Rather 'sharp practice:' but it was his 'first case,' and palpably a 'knotty' one! - - - A TOWN 'Reader,' in whose neat chirography we *think* we recognize an old and favorite correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, gives us a brace of anecdotes, which we take the liberty slightly to condense, and present: 'I have a friend, whom in my earlier acquaintance I was one day very anxious to find. I went to his office, but he was 'not in,' nor could his clerks tell me where to look for him. Remembering, however, that I had once met him at the door of a saloon, where were sold 'oysters and accompaniments,' I sought him there, and successfully. As I accosted him, it was plain to see that he was annoyed at my looking for him in such a place, for he was a marvellously dignified man, 'in externals.' 'What in the world made you come *here* for me?' I stammered some excuse. 'Umph!' he said, doubtingly. 'However,' he added, 'as you *are* here, perhaps you will take a drink?' I assented, and we stepped up to the bar, and a bottle was placed before us. 'This brandy is *good*, is it?' said CHARLIE, looking the bar-keeper in

the face: — the kind you drink *yourself*? You are *certain*, are you, that the liquor is pure?' — and therewith he poured a little in the glass. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer: 'Well!' said the bar-keeper with a frown, '*you* ought to know: you've drank at least a barrel of it!' CHARLIE did not 'take much,' as the lawyers say, by his assumption of innocence; and when he drinks *now*, he asks no questions.' — It was 'not *this* man, but *another* man' of whom our '*Reader*' relates the following: 'A friend who was an applicant for admission to a Lodge of Free-Masons, was visited by a member to ask the customary questions. It is necessary, (as I hope you *know*,) in petitioning for admission to that Order, that the nativity of the applicant shall be made known, and in this case the country was England. The member was evidently a Briton himself; and after the formalities were gone through with, the following conversation ensued: 'So you're an Englishman?' said he, looking into my friend's face, who, coming 'from 'ome' in early boyhood, had lost the distinctive features and idioms. 'Yes!' 'Ah!' said the member, giving his hand a hearty squeeze: 'Masonry finds us hall hout. Hevery body took *me* for American till I joined the horder!'" - - - 'G. P. R.' is a persevering 'trump,' who has been shamefully entreated, 'what with one and another.' But he shall not fail in the end: the desiderated 'Old KNICK' *shall* be 'passed to his debit,' while the *other* contingency is 'hereby acknowledged:'

'To L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.: DEAR SIR:

Chicago, April 16, 1861.

'WITH patient perseverance, I had saved from day to day,
In current Illinois funds, the wherewithal to pay
For your 'Old KNICK,' that I have read for more than twenty years,
Through many ups and downs of life, through many hopes and fears;
And found its pages always filled with food for sage reflection,
With something that would cheer my heart, in hours of deep dejection.

'But to my tale: I'd laid aside, in Illinois money,
The sum required to pay for 'KNICK,' and felt serene and sunny:
But fondest hopes are blighted oft, when nearest to fruition,
And that which brings us joy to-day, to-morrow brings contrition.
'There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,' and time is full of changes;
It plays its pranks with men and banks — the devil with exchanges.
But all regrets are useless now — oh! how I wish I'd spent it,
Or paid it out for charity, or to some friend had lent it!
I might have put it in the plate, and made them stare last Sunday,
For it was current at the banks at twelve o'clock on Monday:
I might have done a thousand things: but what's the use of talking?
There's something always in the way, our good intentions balking;
And so this money I had saved became depreciated,
A circumstance, in these hard times, sincerely deprecated.

'At ten per centum less than par, I swapped it for 'Wisconsin,'
And with a fellow lank and lean, his name I think was HOBBSIN;
This bill I folded nicely, in a snow-white *paid* envelope:
Alas! what ills a slight delay will often times develope!
While on the way to post the same, a friend in whom I trusted,
Informed me that 'Wisconsin,' too, had just 'gone in' and 'bu'sted.'
I turned about to try and find my friend, the quondam broker:
I found him soon, and claimed my bill: he'd lost it, playing poker!
But said, he'd 'do the best he could: if he could find his brother,

He'd furnish me another bill, and better than the other.'
 And soon he came, and with a bill that hailed from Massachusetts,
 Where all the banks are full of gold, and other kinds of assets:
 He said 't was worth a premium: I thought so too, and paid him,
 Apologized for all the fuss and trouble I had made him.

'A friend of mine was 'going East,' one EBENEZER CROCKER,
 I asked him if he'd take the bill, and buy the KNICKERBOCKER:
 He laughed, and said, he 'rather guessed I'd made another blunder,'
 And that my Massachusetts bill was counterfeit 'as thunder!'

'Phanzy my feelinks' then and there, nor deem me too despondent,
 Nor think your would-be-patron west, a verdant correspondent:
 I told my wife about my loss: she said it really vexed her:
 I hinted that I thought I'd buy a counterfeit-detector:
 She made an indistinct remark, (I'd heard it though before,)
 About the man who lost his horse, then locked the stable-door.

'T is little more I've got to say, and that is said in sorrow:
 You'll have to send 'Old KNICK' on time, or I shall have to borrow:
 You'll not offend, if you decline so plain a proposition,
 Nor take offence at me, I trust, for stating my condition:
 And now with very high regard, and wishes deep and fervent,
 I am in truth your sincere friend, and very humble servant, G. P. R.

'P. S.: Should you conclude to send 'Old KNICK,' and pass it to my debit,
 Do n't fail to publish this rough rhyme, and place it to my credit. G. P. R.'

'Rough rhymer,' you are 'published!' - - - WE know '*The Unfortunate Man*' whose mishaps are recorded below by our up-river correspondent, 'ALF. A. SIGMA.' His troubles began in his earliest childhood: for it was of him (perhaps *by* him) that that touching poem was written, 'commencing in the words following:' to wit:

'I NEVER had a piece of bread,
 Particularly large and wide,
 But it always fell on the sanded floor,
 And always on the buttered side.'

Such early ill-luck is very apt to perpetuate itself:

'JOHN JACOB ASTOR and STEPHEN GIRARD both educed from their long and varied experience in business the maxim: 'Never connect yourself in business with an 'unlucky' man.' That 'lucky' and 'unlucky' men, 'humanly speaking,' exist in this world certainly seems a fixed fact. Every one has among his acquaintances at least *one* man who succeeds in every thing he undertakes, no matter how unlikely success seems to be: and he has also among his acquaintances at least one 'other man' with whom nothing prospers, no matter how prudent his ventures may be.

'LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER, who sent warning-pans to the East-Indies, and made a fortune thereby, was an example of the one class: poor NED JOHNSON was an example of the other.

'NED was a supernumerary in our Museum years ago; an ambitious but unfortunate 'supe.' Even in minor things Misfortune marked him as her own. Two examples from the life of this truly 'unlucky man' will show the pertinacity with which ill-fortune persecuted him.

'I have said that NED was ambitious. He aspired to 'speaking parts' instead of scene-shifting; and by dint of importunity he prevailed upon the stage-manager to intrust to him a message of six words to the tyrant of a melo-drama.

'Great joy was in the JOHNSON family when NED announced his promotion: and he procured passes for his wife and two children on the evening of his *début*. He stood for half-an-hour at the side, waiting for the cue; and when he got it he rushed on, in frantic haste to immortalize himself. 'The more haste the worse speed,' says the English proverb: 'Hurry's the Devil,' says the Persian. NED struck his foot against the side-scene, and instead of delivering his message he delivered *himself* at the expectant tyrant, and laid him low, in utter defiance of the stage directions.

'NED brought down the house on this, his first, and I regret to say, his last appearance in a 'speaking part' at our Museum. He was dismissed in disgrace, and for a while meat and potatoes were even scarcer than usual in poor NED's family; a household in which they had never been too plentiful.

'The Museum and the Athenæum (a building inhabited by lawyers) were under the same roof: and the Museum proprietor, HARRY M —, being naturally a kind-hearted man, was touched by the disconsolate aspect of his dismissed 'super;' and so meeting him one day, he said:

'NED, if you'll get a shovel, and throw the snow off the Museum roof, I'll give you fifty cents.'

'Very well,' said NED: 'I know where I can get a shovel.' And he went down into 'The Other Pillar,' and asked JONES if he would lend him a shovel.

'Certainly,' said JONES: 'there's one in the back-room that you can have.'

'Into the back-room went NED, and soon reappeared with the shovel on his shoulder.

'Can you lend me a pair of old gloves?' he asked.

'You'll find an old pair in that drawer behind the bar,' said Mr. JONES.

'NED stepped behind the bar, and as he turned, bang went the shovel on his shoulder right through the looking-glass behind the bar!

'Then there *was* trouble! JONES seized NED, and insisted on immediate liquidation of damages. NED offered to pay over his prospective fifty cents, when obtained: JONES wanted six dollars for the glass. Finally JONES agreed to take the half-dollar on account: and NED agreed to work out the balance.

'So off he went: and ascending to the top of the Museum he began his work, being fairly light-headed with his misfortune. By-and-by he entered the box-office, and asked for his pay. 'Have you finished your work?' said the proprietor. 'Yes, Sir,' responded NED. 'I'll take a look at it,' said HARRY: and up he went: and what was NED's horror to hear him say: 'Do you know what you've done, NED? *You've shovelled off the Athenæum!*'

'It was too true. In his light-headedness he had begun on the wrong side of the scuttle, and had shovelled off the wrong half of the building.

'So with a heavy heart he began his work anew; and having finished, he received his fifty cents, and then attempted to collect something from the occupants of the Athenæum. But from the legal denizens thereof he extracted more curses than coppers, and five cents comprised the whole amount of the contributions from *that* source.

'So he returned to 'The Other Pillar:' gave the fifty-five cents to Mr. JONES, sate himself down by the stove, and delivered himself of the following soliloquy:

'NED JOHNSON, you're a confounded fool! HARRY M — says: 'Do n't you want to earn a half?' 'Yes,' says I; and then at the first lick I smashes six dollars' worth of looking-glass, and ketches cold into the bargain: while I might have been a sitting here all the morning nice and warm, and some one *might* have come in and said: 'NED, won't you take something?' 'Yes,' says I, and then I *would* have been in luck.'

'Poor NED JOHNSON!'

He *was* an 'Unlucky Man!' - - - Some 'good-natured friends' in this

country, after the appearance of 'Chuzzlewit,' were in the habit of sending to DICKENS the American journals which contained personal attacks upon him, with anonymous letters 'not a few.' 'The first of them,' said he, in a note to us at the time, 'go unopened into the fire; the perusal of a line or two of the second always satisfies me of the character of their contents, and unread, they follow the papers: and I find my peace of mind entirely preserved by this process, I do assure you.' We have always thought of this, and ever since have followed the same plan. Two lines of a labored personal letter, from a disappointed and soured would-be contributor, or from a still meaner would-be personal denunciator, at once reach the flames, and 'end in smoke:' leaving the sneaking writers, whenever they think of their ineffective meanness, to blush with an irrepressible self-contempt. - - - 'A Novel of the 'Sensation' School' would not be amiss, nor unacceptable to these pages, were it not that one or two more 'likely' specimens in the same kind had already been furnished by American pens. The best thing of the sort *we* remember ever to have seen, was *Marryatt's Satire of the Sanguinary Novels of the Italian School*, so much the delight of 'bloody-minded readers' at the time in which he wrote. Killing off the characters, one after the other, was the main point of the novelists of that era, which was admirably 'hit off' by PETER SIMPLE. In a favorite chapter of horrors, we remember, several lovers of the angelic ANGELICANARINELLA are made to assemble in a dark gallery, where they do not expect to meet any one but the hero, whom they intend to murder; each one having, unknown to the others, made an appointment with him, on the pretence of telling him a great secret. The following is the *dénouement*, by which a great number of troublesome personages are suddenly removed out of the way of the author — each one falling, it will be seen, 'without a groan:'

'ABSENPRESENTINI felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath.

'No, no!' muttered the other, 'the *secret of blood and gold* shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death!'

'In a second the dagger of ABSENPRESENTINI was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains!' exclaimed ABSENPRESENTINI.

'It does remain with you,' cried PHOSPHORINI, driving his dagger into his back.

'ABSENPRESENTINI fell without a groan: and PHOSPHORINI, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed: 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?'

'Not you!' cried VORTISKINI, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned PHOSPHORINI, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold!' said VORTISKINI, as he sheathed his sword.

'Thou shalt,' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies!' — and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his society does MANFREDINI sacrifice his life!' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan.'

Five heroes 'executed with dispatch!' - - - THEY have time at the South, it should seem, even amid 'wars and rumors of wars,' to have 'some fun among themselves,' if we may judge from our correspondence. Here, for example,

right 'forninst' a letter of the same date, from Bowdoin-College, Brunswick, Maine, almost 'the jumping-off place of Down-East,' is a missive from a friend in Knoxville, (Tennessee,) describing a scene in a 'Debating Society,' the pride of a suburban village, in the near vicinity of that flourishing town. Our correspondent says: 'I wish you could hear my friend JEFF. P — depict this 'Debating Society,' among the hills of Carter county in East-Tennessee! From his own lips, I *know* it would tickle you: perhaps you will appreciate it, even from my own unpractised pen. He says that one night, ('Saturday Nights' being the 'stated Weekly Meetings,') BILL SMITH, 'a character,' in more ways than one, and especially noted for his flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question: '*Which is Man's greatest Safeguard?—the Dog or the Gun?*' 'BILL' espoused the cause of the Dog: and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble animal, he demolished his adversaries, and 'brought down the house,' by the following brilliant passage: 'Supposin' for a momentary moment, Mr. President, that *you* Sir was a-travelling; and suppose, Sir, that night was to overtake you, and you should have to encamp out in some dark howling wilderness? And in the black mid-night, when you laid fast asleep in the arms of METAMORPHEOUS, some b'ar, painter, or other venomous insect, was to spring upon you, what good would your *Gun* do you *then*? But, Mr. President, your *Dog* would have said to you, by his fore-warning lamentations: 'Take keer!—look out!—he's a-comin'!' Decision in favor of the 'Dog-watch!' — THE same correspondent (who, to use a 'nervous but inelegant' term, is 'One of 'Em') relates an anecdote of an old friend, Captain F —, a French gentleman, for many years a citizen of his vicinity, but who had some time before gone back to the 'Old Country.' 'His reappearance,' says our friend, 'on a recent brief visit, recalled to my mind many a pleasant hour passed in his society. He was decidedly 'good company,' and had all the peculiarity of speech and gesture, which gives such emphasis to every thing which a Frenchman utters in French-English. We were talking, I remember, on one occasion, (I think it was on a Sunday morning,) when the conversation chanced to turn upon the subject of *Attending Church on Sunday*. 'The Captain' was asked how it happened that he was never to be found in any one of our churches on the Sabbath? To which, 'thus then' the Frenchman: 'Me-self, I shall tell you. When I go at ze chu-r-r-ch, I like for ze preacher to say som'sing to my 'art, for zen I shall al-wiays *feels*: bot, in zese churches here, w'en I go zere, ze preach' he get up, and he siay nosing of zat kind: non: in plaice of zat, he immedi-at-ly begin a *discution* about *some-sing which I understand not!*' Is not that a good commentary,' adds our friend, 'upon the practice of too many of our divines, who seem to think that nothing is required of them but weekly harangues in elucidation of the particular *doctrine* of the particular *sect* to which he may chance to belong?' We leave our readers to answer this query for themselves: *our* unhesitating reply is, 'Yea, verily!' - - - If the visitor at one of our most fashionable watering-places should stroll through the pretty cemetery in the neighborhood, he would be struck with the design and inscription upon one of the many head-stones which grace the grounds. On the top is engraved, in very good style, a well-appointed rail-road engine, in the window of which is (or was originally)

set the daguerreotype-likeness of the departed engineer, who is supposed to be uttering the touching strain which is neatly chiselled beneath :

'My engine now is cold and still,
No water does its boiler fill :
The wood affords its flame no more —
My days of usefulness are o'er.'

Could the original of the daguerreotype see these melancholy lines, he would probably be inclined to enter some such protest as the following :

'My kind friends think they owe it me
To write this touching poetry :
But 'pears to me 't were just as well,
'Mong other things, the truth to tell.

'My engine, (back upon the track,)
For wood and water does not lack :
Another hand 's employed to oil her,
And while I rest, he tends the boiler.

'May the race which she shall run be long,
Her whistle-shriek be loud and strong ;
Waking the echoes far and near,
While I lie under the pine-trees here !'

A much more sensible epitaph. - - - Our friend Mr. DEMPSTER, the well-known popular composer and singer, is 'with us once again,' for a brief space, having just arrived from England by the 'City of Baltimore' screw-steamer. He has been passing several months in quietude among the scenes of his childhood, in his native land of Scotland : but at the same time he has not been idle. Although not appearing in public, in his vocation, he has composed several pieces of music, to the words of the most popular writers of the day, in England and America, in which (speaking advisedly, for we have heard them,) he has *almost* surpassed all his previous efforts in this kind. We shall hope to hear from him in the autumn, when 'wars and rumors of wars,' (let us happily anticipate,) may be things of the past. He will be welcomed by 'troops of friends.' - - - An Ohio friend sends us the subjoined, with the remark : 'I sent you a 'good thing' once before, but I have never seen it in print : perhaps this may be more to your liking. Well, it is :

'A LITTLE boy, after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he had called 'praying his own way.' He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, on commencing this exercise, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said : 'O LORD ! bless LIZZY, and make her better than she is.' His head fell back on his pillow ; but soon rousing, he murmured drowsily : 'Bless HENRY too.' It was in vain ; the tongue refused its office : so he added indistinctly : 'O LORD ! I can't ; there's too many of 'em : ' and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood. At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said : 'LORD, please to bless father, and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless sister MARY, and give *her* a new heart. O LORD ! bless MOTHER ; but you need not give *her* a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got !''

'Good Boy !' - - - THE 'Home Journal,' speaking of the added verse to 'JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo,' from the pen of Mr. CHARLES GOULD, of our

metropolis, adds: 'The verse was written some years ago, but has not hitherto found its way into print.' 'An error i' the bill,' General; 'an error i' the bill.' The verse was handed us by the author at his hospitable table, what time he was entertaining the members of the New-York BURNS Club, who had just elected him their President. It was published, with eulogistic comments, in the ensuing number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and was copied, at the time, in half the journals of the Union. We believe, moreover, that our friend DEMPSTER used to include the verse alluded to, when singing BURNS' immortal song, at his popular concerts. - - - MR. G. I. CRAWFORD, M.A., has opened a *Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy*, (a boarding and day school for young gentlemen,) in the spacious building known as the Cedar-Hill Mansion-House, near our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage.' The Academy is easy of access from New-York by rail and steamer; the view from it is superb; it is surrounded by play-grounds of several acres; is near the banks of the Hudson, where it is the widest in all its majestic course; so that 'the boys' can bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. Mr. CRAWFORD's references are numerous, and from the very highest sources in our city, and adjacent towns. He will impart, with capable assistants, all the branches of a thorough English education. - - - MESSRS. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, now known, and honorably known, throughout the land as the liberal and tasteful publishers of *Cooper's Illustrated Works, Complete*, are fast bringing that splendid enterprise to a close; and yet there is not the slightest falling off in the exquisite beauty of DARLEY's drawings, or the matchless character of the paper and printing. When the public becomes fully acquainted with the new illustrated edition of DICKENS' works by the same house, of which we spoke in our last number, it will find that the noble promise of COOPER's works will be more than fulfilled in that of our later but not less popular author, by the Cambridge 'Riverside Press.' - - - It is of 'Brother GREENE,' of Detroit, who used occasionally to come to Ypsilanti, Michigan, to edify the faithful, that the annexed anecdote is told by a correspondent, 'E. C. R.,' of the latter place: 'He was describing, one day, the scene wherein ELIJAH convinced the people of ISRAEL that his God was the *true* God, the God of Power.' His peroration was as follows: 'And the fire of the LORD came down from Heaven, and *licked up the water*, and consumed the wood; and according to the best accounts, *burnt at least twelve feet into the solid earth!*' The question naturally occurs, 'Where are those *'best accounts?'*' Can any of our readers, Biblical or other, enlighten us? - - - THE '*Rockland Female Institute*,' by the BROTHERS MANSFIELD, has resumed its 'summer season.' There is no more beautiful situation than that occupied by this popular institution, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. For the rest, it has an *established* reputation, to which we could add nothing by any words of commendation. - - - THE story of '*The Real and the Ideal*,' we regret to say, has been crowded out of the present number, by a pressure of *matériel*, awaiting present insertion. It will be resumed and completed in our next. - - - EIGHT pages of 'Editorial Narrative and Correspondence,' with three or four pages of 'Gossip,' although in type, are crowded out of our present number.

Recent American Publications

RECEIVED BY THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

The World's Progress; A Dictionary of Dates. Edited by Geo. P. Putnam, A.M. 12mo, pp. 863. Geo. P. Putnam.

Ten Years of the World's Progress. Edited by Geo. P. Putnam, A.M. 12mo, pp. 869. The same.

The Ethics of American Slavery. By an American Citizen. 12mo, pp. 146. Ross & Tousey.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of 'The Heir of Redcliffe.' 8vo, pp. 365. 2 vols. in one. D. Appleton & Co.

The Mexican Papers. No. 5. April, 1861. By Edward E. Dunbar. Rudd & Carleton.

After Icebergs with a Painter. A Summer's Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland. By Rev. Louis L. North. 12mo, pp. 336. D. Appleton & Co.

Niagara, and other Poems. By E. G. Holland. 12mo, pp. 170. Rudd & Carleton.

The Alchemist. Translated from the French of Honoré de Balzac, by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. 12mo, pp. 310. Rudd & Carleton.

The Semi-Attached Couple. By the Author of 'The Semi-Detached House.' 12mo, pp. 360. T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 425. G. P. Putnam.

A Message from the Sea; and the Uncommercial Traveller. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 330.

The Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. In Five Volumes. Vol. IV. of a New Illustrated Edition. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 12mo, pp. 479.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam. Collected and edited by James Spedding and others. Volume XV., being Volume V. of the Literary and Professional Works. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 12mo, pp. 449.

The Shadowy Land, and other Poems,

including the Guests of Brazil. By Rev. Gurdon Huntington, A.M. New-York: James Miller. 8vo, pp. 506.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 12mo, pp. 429.

Suffolk Surnames. By Nathaniel I. Bowditch. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo, pp. 757.

Twelve Sermons delivered at Antioch College. By Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 314.

The Crossed Path; or, Basil. A Story of Modern Life. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo, pp. 317.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 16mo, 4 vols.

The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West-Indies. By William G. Sewell. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 325.

Trumps. A Novel. By George William Curtis. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. New-York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, pp. 502.

The Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Madam Piozzi, (Mrs. Thrale.) Edited, with Notes, by A. Hayward. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 531.

The Life and Career of Major John André. By Winthrop Sargent. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 471.

Currents and Counter-Currents. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 406.

The Sable Cloud. A Story. By Rev. Nehemiah Adams. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, pp. 275.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Gibson Lockhart. Vols. I. and II. Uniform with the Household Edition of the Waverley Novels. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, pp. 318 and 328.